



*Publishing in Monthly Parts, Twenty-four in number; price 2s. 6d. each, and in Volumes, Six in number, price 12s. each, at intervals of four months,*

# THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA

(FOURTH DIVISION).

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*\*\* Vols. I. and II. are now ready.*

**THREE** of the Four Divisions of this important work having been completed, and the publication of the FOURTH DIVISION having commenced, the Proprietors desire to call attention to the character of the Cyclopædia as a *complete* body of knowledge.

As separate works, the nature of the Cyclopædia of GEOGRAPHY, of BIOGRAPHY, of NATURAL HISTORY, and of ARTS AND SCIENCES, is sufficiently clear. But, taken as a whole, the connection of these great Divisions may require some very brief elucidation.

If the English Cyclopædia had been arranged in *two* Alphabets instead of in four, the one department might have been called *Literary*, the other *Scientific*.

The Cyclopædia of GEOGRAPHY, and the Cyclopædia of BIOGRAPHY, forming Ten Volumes, embrace together not only the Description of every Country, but its History in all ages. Under the Geographical name will be found a rapid view of a nation's progress. Under the Biographical names will be found all the great public events, and the religious, moral, and intellectual history of every State, as detailed in the lives of its eminent citizens.

The Cyclopædia of NATURAL HISTORY, and the Cyclopædia of ARTS AND SCIENCES, now in course of publication, and forming also Ten volumes, present every feature of the Physical and Moral Sciences, and of the applications of Science to Productive Industry. This concluding Division also embraces all branches of miscellaneous information not strictly referable to these general heads.

The English Cyclopædia is founded upon the valuable Copyright of the Penny Cyclopædia, which has always remained in the hands of Mr. KNIGHT. Every article in that celebrated work was an original contribution, furnished by many of the most eminent men of the time. The elaborate revisions, with the large additions, of the present work, have involved a new outlay for literary labour of not less than Seven Thousand Pounds, making the cost of literary production alone of these Twenty Volumes, not far short of Fifty Thousand Pounds.

Three-fourths of the Cyclopædia being now completed, no doubt can arise as to the certainty of the remaining fourth being regularly carried to a conclusion. The last Division commenced in the periodical course of publication, on the 31st of January, 1859, and will be finished in the last month of 1860.

The following list exhibits the leading departments of the CYCLOPÆDIA OF ARTS AND SCIENCES; and the names of some of the Contributors are subjoined. This Division also includes all branches of miscellaneous information not included in either of the other three.

### Mathematics.—Astronomy.—Optics.—Mathematical, Astronomical, and Optical Instruments.—Acoustics.—Dynamics.—Electricity.—Magnetism.—Meteorology.

G. B. ABBY, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge, Astronomer Royal.—E. W. BRAYLEY, F.R.S.—ROBERT GRANT, M.A., F.R.A.S.—A. DE MORGAN, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics, at University College, London.—REV. R. MURPHY (the late), Caius College, Cambridge.—A. ROSS.—REV. R. SHREEVE.

SHANKS, A.M. (the late), Trinity College, Cambridge.—GEORGE G. STOKES, A.M., F.R.S., Lucasian Professor, Cambridge.—CHARLES TOMLINSON, Lecturer on Science, King's College School.—ROBERT WILLIS, A.M., F.R.S., Jacksonian Professor, Cambridge.

### Chemistry.—Materia Medica, Medicine, Surgery.

W. BALEY, M.D.—DR. BECKER (the late), of Berlin.—R. DICKSON, M.D.—J. FARISH, M.D. (the late).—E. LANKESTER, M.D.—J. PAGET, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—A.M., Trin. Col., Cambridge.—E. FRANKLAND, Ph.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Chemistry, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—DR. GREENHILL, Trin. Col., Oxford.—C. J. JOHNSTONE, R. PHILLIPS, F.R.S. (the late).—J. SIMON, M.D.—SOUTHWOOD T. SMITH, M.D.—W. YOUTT (the late), Veterinary Surgery.

### Fine Arts, Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, &c.—Building and Engineering.—Music and Musical Instruments.

W. AYRTON, F.R.S., F.S.A. (the late).—G. R. BURNELL, C.E.—SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, President of the Royal Academy.—W. HOSKING, Professor of Architecture at King's College.—H. HOWARD, R.A. (the late), Professor of Painting, Royal Academy.—JAMES THORNE (Fine Arts).—R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.—R. N. WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery.

### Navigation and Military Sciences.

Professor DAVIES, Woolwich.—Hon. Captain DEVEREUX, R.N.—Captain DOXNELLY, Major Procter, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.—S. M. SAXBY, R.N. R.E.—J. NARRIEN, Professor of Mathematics, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.—

### Rural Economy.

REV. W. HICKEY.—CHALMERS J. MORTON.—REV. W. L. RHAN (the late), Vicar of Winkfield.

### Manufactures and Machinery.

T. BRADLEY, Professor of Geometrical Drawing, Woolwich, and King's College, London.—G. R. BURNELL, C.E.—EDWARD COWPER (the late), Professor of Manufacturing Art and Machinery, King's College, London.—G. DOBB.—E. NORRIS, Royal Asiatic Society.—A. ROSS.—J. T. STANESBY.—A. URE, M.D., F.R.S. (the late).

### Philology.—Mental Philosophy.—Government and Political Economy.

W. D. CHRISTIE, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge.—A. DE MORGAN (Logic).—J. HOPKIN, Professor of Mental Philosophy, University College, London.—T. H. KEY, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge, University College, London.—CHARLES KNIGHT.—GEORGE LONG, A.M.—T. E. MAY, Barrister-at-Law, House of Commons.—REV. A. J. W. MORRISON, A.M., Trinity College, Cambridge.—G. R. PORTER, F.R.S. (the late), Sec. of the Board of Trade.

### Law and Jurisprudence.

J. ABBY, LL.D., Regius Professor of Civil Law, Cambridge.—J. H. BURTON, Barrister-at-Law.—GEORGE LONG, M.A.—D. M'LACHLAN, M.A., Barrister-at-Law.—Advocate, Edinburgh.—JAMES E. DAVIS, Barrister-at-Law.—J. C. S. F. DAY, Barrister-at-Law.—T. FALCONER, Barrister-at-Law.—JAMES GRANT, Barrister-at-Law.—D. JARDINE, A.M., Barrister-at-Law.—ROBERT MALCOLM KERR, LL.D., Advocate and WADDILOVE, D.C.L., Advocate, Doctors' Commons, and Barrister-at-Law.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

This day is published, No. I. of  
**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.**  
EDITED BY DAVID MASSON.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

CONTENTS:—

- I. POLITICS OF THE PRESENT, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC. BY THE EDITOR.
- II. TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS."  
Introductory Words.—Chap. I. St. Ambrose's College.—Chap. 2. A blow on the River.—Chap. 3. A Breakfast at Drysdale's.
- III. PAPER, PEN, AND INK. AN EXCURSION IN TECHNOLOGY. BY PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON.
- IV. WILLIAM COBBETT. A RURAL RIDE. BY G. S. VENABLES AND THE LATE HENRY LUSHINGTON.
- V. MORAL ASPECTS OF MR. TENNYSON'S IDYLLS. BY J. M. LUDLOW.
- VI. CHEAP ART. BY F. G. STEPHENS.
- VII. THE CRISIS OF ITALIAN FREEDOM. BY FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.
- VIII. COLLOQUY OF THE ROUND TABLE.

MACMILLAN & Co., Cambridge, and 23, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen, and at the Railway Stations.

**THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW**  
FOR NOVEMBER, price 2s. 6d. contains:

1. THE DEFENCES OF ENGLAND.
2. DANISH LITERATURE—MOLBECH'S DANTE.
3. TOUCHING SERMONS AND THE MAKERS OF THEM.
4. A GREAT MISTAKE—PART III.
5. PUBLIC WELL-BEING.
6. TENNET'S CEYLON.
7. MANLY SPORTS—THEIR USE AND THEIR ABUSE.

London: WM. H. ALLEN & Co., 7, Leadenhall Street.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

In Parts, at 2s. 6d. each, or framed at 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

Each Portrait with fac-simile Autograph and Biographical Notice.

IN DECEMBER.

Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D.  
The Ven. Archdeacon Evans.  
The Right Rev. Bishop Trower.

Now Ready.

Archbishop of Canterbury.	Rev. J. Thomson, D.D.
Bishop of London.	Rev. W. Cureton, D.D.
Bishop of Winchester.	Rev. E. M. Goulburn, D.D.
Bishop of Durham.	Rev. Dr. J. A. Hesse.
Bishop of Exeter.	Rev. Canon Stowell.
Bishop of Oxford.	Rev. Canon Girdlestone.
Bishop of Carlisle.	Rev. Thomas Jackson.
Bishop of Ripon.	Rev. Derwent Coleridge.
Dean of Westminster.	Rev. Daniel Moore.
Dean of Winchester.	Rev. J. E. Kempe.
Dean of Canterbury.	Rev. Thos. Dale.
Dean of Chichester.	Rev. J. M. Bellet.
Dean of Ely.	Rev. E. B. Hutchison.
Dean of Carlisle.	Rev. W. Robinson, D.D.
Archdeacon Bickersteth.	Rev. J. Atlay, D.D.
Archdeacon Denison.	Rev. Daniel Wilson.

IN PREPARATION.

Archbishop of Dublin.	Rev. H. Melville, B.D.
Bishop of Lichfield.	Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D.
Bishop of Manchester.	Rev. Hugh McNeill, D.D.
Bishop of Norwich.	Rev. J. H. Gurney.
Dean of Norwich.	Rev. J. C. Miller, D.D.
Dean of Ripon.	Rev. J. W. Reeve.
Rev. W. Gresley.	Rev. W. Dalton, B.D.
Rev. Robert Whiston.	&c. &c.
Rev. H. L. Mansel.	

Also, now ready, price 4s. each.

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.  
Bishop of St. Andrew's.

Late Bishop Blomfield.

A single Portrait free by post on receipt of price in postage stamps.

MASSON & Co., 7, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, and 28, Old Bond Street, and all Booksellers.

Feap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**REMARKS ON THE DIFFERENCES IN SHAKESPEARE'S VERSIFICATION IN DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS LIFE.**

London: JOHN W. PARKER & SON, West Strand.

This day, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.

**MISREPRESENTATION. A Novel.** By ANNA H. DRURY, Author of "Friends and Fortune."

London: JOHN W. PARKER & SON, West Strand.

In the press, Part III.; Parts I. and II. 4s. each.

**A DICTIONARY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.** Biographical, Bibliographical, Historical, and Practical. By HENRY DUNNING MACLEOD, Esq.

LONGMAN & Co.

Recently published, in post 8vo. cloth, price 7s.

**THE FRIENDLY DISPUTANTS; OR, FUTURE PUNISHMENT RE-CONSIDERED.** BY AURA, Author of "Ashburn."

"The book is so agreeably written, that when once taken up it will not readily be laid down."—*Leicester Advertiser.*

ASTOR HALL, VICTORIA, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row.

## PUBLISHING REFORM,

BY

## THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SOME few years back the *New Quarterly Review* called attention to the present system of publishing, and urged, both upon Authors and the Public, the absolute necessity for a thorough Reformation. It maintained that the present system of Publishing was not within the proper functions of a Publisher whose duties were that of a mere Agent to sell the Books placed in his charge at so much per cent. commission. It went further, and exposed the extravagant charges made for Printing, Advertising, and Publishing, showing that it was an utter impossibility that any profit could remain for the Author. The article was a mere seven days' wonder, producing no effect whatever on the literary world, which continued to jog on in its usual course, growing and grumbling against Publishers in general, without giving its brains the trouble of thinking how the evils complained of could be remedied. At last it was determined upon to establish the National Publishing Company for the express purpose of carrying into operation a sweeping measure of Publishing Reform, the provisions of which are as follows:

I. That the charges for Printing and Binding shall be on the lowest possible scale, and agreed upon previously to the work going to press.

II. That the sum to be expended in advertising shall be agreed upon previously to the work going to press.

III. That no commission or any of the innumerable charges for publishing shall be made; but instead thereof, a fixed per centage on the clear profits of the work shall be charged, the said per centage to be agreed upon in the outset.

IV. That all work shall be issued, as respects paper and typography, in the first style of metropolitan workmanship.

V. That accounts shall be rendered, and settled in cash six months from date of publication.

Thus everything between the Author and the Company being simple and clear, no difference can take place on matters of account; while the Company, depending on the success of the work to realise their publishing expenses, will be as anxious as the Author to secure a profitable return.

The National Publishing Company in thus promulgating a new, equitable, and straightforward mode of publishing, beg to assure Authors that every work placed in their hands will receive the utmost attention; and that no pains will be spared to give satisfaction.

Estimates and all requisite information will be forwarded on application to the Manager, at the Offices of the Company, 85, Maddox Street, Bond Street, W.

Price 2s. 6d. the Introductory Number of

## THE PARLIAMENTARY ANNUAL AND STATESMAN'S HANDBOOK.

In future to be issued on the 1st of February in each year, price 10s. 6d.

The introductory Number contains, amongst other articles, an elaborate "Review of the British Constitution—showing its incomparable superiority over that of every other nation, and its admirable adaptation to the character of the English people."

London: NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

85, Maddox Street, Bond Street, W.

Price 2s. 6d.

## THE RIVAL REFORM BILLS; OR, HOME AND FOREIGN POLITICIANS.

A POLITICAL FARCE IN THREE ACTS.

In which numerous eminent personages will perform for the amusement and enlightenment of the British public.

London: NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

85, Maddox Street, Bond Street, W.

## TRÜBNER & CO'S

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This day is published, in crown 8vo. cloth boards, price 3s. 6d.

## THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

By J. R. LOWELL.

Reprinted from the last American Edition with the sanction of the Author.

NEWLY EDITED, AND ACCOMPANIED WITH A PREFACE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS."

"But for real unmistakable genius—for that glorious fullness of power which knocks a man down at a blow for sheer admiration, and then makes him rush into the arms of the knocker down, and swear eternal friendship with him, for sheer delight, the 'Biglow Papers' stand alone."—*Extract from Editor's Preface.*

## REYNARD THE FOX.

AFTER THE GERMAN VERSION OF GOETHE.

By THOMAS J. ARNOLD, Esq.

"Fair jester's humour and merry wit  
Never offend, though smartly they hit."

WITH SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS, AFTER THE CELEBRATED DESIGNS BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

Royal 8vo. printed by CLAY, on toned paper, and elegantly bound in embossed cloth, with appropriate Design after KAULBACH, richly tooled front and back, price 16s.

Best full morocco, same pattern, price 24s;

or neatly half-bound morocco, gilt top, uncut edges, Roxburgh style, price 18s.

(EULENSPIEGEL REDIVIVUS.)

THE

## MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES AND RARE CONCEITS

OF

## MASTER TYLL OWLGLASS.

Edited, with an INTRODUCTION and a Critical and Bibliographical APPENDIX,

By KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A.

With Six Coloured full-page Illustrations, and Twenty-six Woodcuts, from Original Designs by ALFRED CROWE.

Price 10s. 6d. bound in embossed cloth, richly gilt, with appropriate design;

or neatly half bound morocco, gilt top, uncut, Roxburgh style.

"Tyll's fame has gone abroad into all lands: this, the narrative of his exploits, has been published in innumerable editions, even with all manner of learned glosses, and translated into Latin, English, French, Dutch, Polish, &c. We may say that to few mortals has it been granted to earn such a place in universal history as Tyll; for now, after five centuries, when Wallace's birthplace is unknown, even to the Scots, and the Admirable Crichton still more rapidly is grown a shadow, and Edward Longshanks sleeps unregarded save by a few antiquarian English, Tyll's native village is pointed out with pride to the traveller, and his tombstone, with sculptured pun on his name,—an owl, namely, and a glass,—still stands, or pretends to stand, at Mollen, near Lubeck, where, since 1350, his once nimble bones have been at rest."—*Thomas Carlyle, Essays*, II. pp. 287, 288.

Preparing for publication, dedicated by permission to

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

In One Volume 8vo., handsomely printed, uniform with Dr. Livingstone's *Travels*, and accompanied by a Portrait of the Author, numerous Illustrations, and a Map.

## NARRATIVE

OF

## MISSIONARY RESIDENCE & TRAVEL IN EASTERN AFRICA,

During the years 1867—1868.

By J. L. KRÄFF, Ph.D.

One of the Agents of the Church Missionary Society in Abyssinia and the Equatorial Countries of Eastern Africa.

TRÜBNER & Co., 60, Paternoster Row.



## MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK'S PUBLICATIONS.

I.  
**A NEW TALE, BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR,** Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Eric." [In preparation.]

II.  
**THE CHURCH HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE PRESENT CENTURY.** By the Rev. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, Minister of Crief. 2 vols. 8vo. [In the press.]

III.  
**PALEONTOLOGY; OR, A SYSTEMATIC SUMMARY OF EXTINCT ANIMALS AND THEIR GEOLOGICAL RELATIONS** BY RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Natural History Department in the British Museum, &c. 8vo. [In the press.]

IV.  
**VOL. XIX. OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA;** containing, amongst other important Articles, ROMANCE, revised and continued, by W. EDMONDSTONE ARTHUR, Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh; ROME AND ROMAN HISTORY, by the Rev. CHARLES MERIDALE, D.D.; SANITARY SCIENCE, by EDWIN LAVESTER, M.D., and HENRY LETHBRIDGE, M.D., &c. 4to. [Nearly ready.]

V.  
**THE CHRISTMAS WEEK: A CHRISTMAS STORY.** By the Rev. Professor CHRISTMAS.

VI.  
**ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.** By THOMAS ANDERSON, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, and Chemist to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. [In the press.]

VII.  
**CLASS-BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE.** Comprehending Specimens of the most Distinguished Prose Writers, from CHAUCER to the Present Time, with Biographical Notices, Explanatory Notes, and Introductory Sketches of the History of English Literature. By ROBERT DEMAUS, M.A., West End Academy, Aberdeen. 12mo. price 4s. 6d.; also to be had in Two Parts, price 2s. 6d. each. [Now ready.]

VIII.  
**A COMPENDIUM OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH LAW, STATING THE DIFFERENCES IN ALL THEIR DEPARTMENTS; WITH A DICTIONARY OF ALL PARALLEL TERMS AND PHRASES.** By JAMES PATERSON, M.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Joint-Author of a "Practice of the Common Law," &c. [In the press.]

IX.  
**THE PATHOLOGY AND TREATMENT OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.** By J. HUGHES BENNETT, M.D., Professor of the Institute of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

X.  
**A New Edition of PLEAS FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.** By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

XI.  
**NEW EXEGESIS OF SHAKESPEARE:** Interpretation of his Principal Characters and Plays on the Principle of Races. Crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

XII.  
**A New Edition (the Fourth) of ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE.** A Tale of Roslyn School. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. price 6s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

XIII.  
**REV. DR. GUTHRIE'S CHRIST AND THE INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS.** Fourteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 7s. 6d. [Now ready.]

XIV.  
**REV. DR. GUTHRIE'S GOSPEL IN EZEKIEL.** Twenty-fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo. [In the press.]

XV.  
**BOTANY AND RELIGION; OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORKS OF GOD IN THE STRUCTURE, FUNCTIONS, ARRANGEMENT, AND DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS.** By J. H. BALFOUR, A.M., M.D., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Illustrated. 12mo. price 6s. 6d.

LIST OF THE VARIOUS EDITIONS  
OF THE  
**WAVERLEY NOVELS.**

1. For £13 2s. 6d., the **LIBRARY EDITION**, in 25 Octavo Volumes, extra cloth, and illustrated with 204 splendid Steel Engravings by the most eminent Artists. Each Volume contains an entire Novel, printed in large excellent type.

2. For £7 4s., the **EDITION of 1847**, in 48 handy Volumes, printed in large legible type, and containing 96 Illustrations. The only edition which is uniform with the entire Series of Scott's Works.

3. For £3 15s., the **CABINET EDITION**, in 25 small Volumes, each containing an entire Novel, with a Woodcut Vignette.

4. For £2 2s., the **PEOPLE'S EDITION**, in 5 large Volumes, with Portrait of Scott by RAEBURN, engraved on Steel. Printed in double columns.

Now publishing, in Monthly Volumes, at 4s. 6d. each.

**A NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF SCOTT'S NOVELS,** each Volume containing 30 Woodcuts and 2 Steel Engravings.

The following are a few of the Artists whose Drawings illustrate this Edition:—

Sir W. Allan, R.A.	R. R. Mac Ian, A.R.S.A.
W. Boxall, A.R.A.	K. Meadows.
H. K. Browne.	W. Mulready, R.A.
A. L. Chalon, R.A.	G. S. Newton, R.A.
W. Collins, R.A.	J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.
A. Cooper, R.A.	D. Roberts, R.A.
E. W. Cope, A.R.A.	C. Standfield, R.A.
T. Creswick, R.A.	M. Stanley, R.S.A.
T. Duncan, R.A.	F. P. Stephanoff.
J. G. Fennell.	E. Stone, A.R.A.
W. P. Frith, R.A.	Townsend.
John Gilbert.	J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
Sir E. Landseer, R.A.	H. Warren.
R. S. Lauder, R.S.A.	R. Westall.
C. R. Leslie, R.A.	Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

**SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.**

1. For 10s., the **PEOPLE'S EDITION**, in 1 Vol. Royal 8vo. with a Vignette from Turner.

2. For 18s., the **ABBOTSFORD EDITION**, in 1 Vol. Super-royal 8vo. with 28 Engravings from Turner, uniform with Byron's Works.

3. For 24s., the **CABINET EDITION**, in 6 Vols. 12mo. with 12 Engravings from Turner.

4. For 36s., the **AUTHOR'S FAVOURITE EDITION**, in 12 Vols. 12mo. with 21 Engravings from Turner. The only edition which contains "The Minstrelsy of the Border."

In 4 vols. 12mo. price 10s. 6d.

**THE MINSTRELSY OF THE BORDER.**

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Consisting of the ANCIENT BALLADS of the SCOTTISH BORDER, many of which set to music will be found in this edition.

ILLUSTRATED BY TURNER.

**SCOTT'S MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS.**

1. For £4 4s., the **AUTHOR'S FAVOURITE EDITION**, in 28 Vols. 12mo. with 56 Engravings from Turner; and containing "The Life of Napoleon," "Tales of a Grandfather," &c. &c.

2. For 26s., the **PEOPLE'S EDITION**, in 3 Vols. Royal 8vo. with Illustrations.

THE TALES OF A GRANDFATHER can be had separate, in 3 vols. 12mo. price 12s.; or in 1 vol. royal 8vo. price 6s.

**THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.**

By J. G. LOCKHART.

In 10 vols. 12mo. with 20 Engravings from Turner and others, price 30s.; or in 1 vol. (PEOPLE'S EDITION) royal 8vo. price 10s.

**DR. WARDLAW'S SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY:**

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF POLEMIC DIVINITY.

EDITED BY THE REV. J. R. CAMPBELL, M.A.

In 3 vols. demy 8vo. price 36s.

"The student of theology should read these pages, and reflect on them. The work cannot be too earnestly commended to the attention of the intelligent layman who is desirous of mastering the rational and scriptural grounds of Evangelical truth."—*British Quarterly Review*.

**A TREATISE ON BIBLICAL CRITICISM:**

EXHIBITING A SYSTEMATIC VIEW OF THAT SCIENCE.

By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D.

Demy 8vo. price 18s.

**A POPULAR DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.**

By JOHN KITTO, D.D.

Author of the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," &c.

In 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated by 326 Engravings on Wood, price 10s. 6d.

This work is studiously accommodated to the wants of the great body of the religious public. To Parents, to Sunday School Teachers, to Missionaries, and to all engaged, either directly or occasionally, in the important business of Biblical Education, the volume is cordially recommended as the most valuable Compendium of Bible Knowledge for the people which has ever appeared in this country.

**DR. WARDLAW'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.**

By W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D.

Second Edition. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. price 12s.

**LIFE IN A RISEN SAVIOUR:**

BEING DISCOURSES ON THE RESURRECTION.

By ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.

Fifth Thousand. In crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

"These Discourses are undoubtedly far superior to the general run of sermons, in vigour of style, power of reasoning, and force, if it is not to be called felicity, of illustration."—*Spectator*.

**THE HISTORY OF PALESTINE:**

FROM THE PATRIARCHAL AGE TO THE PRESENT TIME.

By JOHN KITTO, D.D.,

Author of "Popular Dictionary of the Bible," &c.

Profusely illustrated, crown 8vo. cloth plain, 6s.; or cloth, gilt edges, 6s. 6d.

**THE RELIGION OF THE HEART,**

As Exemplified in the Life and Writings of JOHN BOWDLER, late of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

EDITED BY CHARLES BOWDLER.

Fcap. 8vo. price 5s.

"This work consists of a Biographical Sketch of John Bowdler and Select Pieces, in Prose and Verse, from his Writings. There are among them a number of first-rate Essays on most important themes, such as—'The Atonement,' 'Eternity of Future Punishments,' 'On the Supposed Connection between Religion and Melancholy,' 'Practical View of the Character of Christ,' 'Submission to God,' 'Trust in God,' 'Love,' 'Faith,' 'Hope,' 'Spiritual-Mindedness,' 'Prayer,' 'Humility,' &c. We recommend the volume to educated and thoughtful young men, as one in which they will find the finest taste combined with intellectual vigour and heart religion."—*British Messenger*.

**LIGHT IN DARKNESS;**

OR, COMFORT TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED;

Being a Series of Meditations, Prayers, and Portions of Scripture, for those visited with Bereavement and Distress.

By THE REV. JAMES ANDERSON.

12mo. price 5s.



LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

## REVIEWS.

*The West Indies and the Spanish Main.* By Anthony Trollope. (Chapman & Hall.)

THERE are books which are the critic's despair and the reporter's delight; there are writers who can only be justly dealt by when they are allowed to speak for themselves. Such a book is the one before us—such a writer is Mr. Anthony Trollope. That we are prepared to quote rather than to discourse on "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," must from this preamble be apparent to the least practised reader of reviews. We are determined to make the most sparing use of our own words, and even in the portions which of necessity must be condensed, to use Mr. Trollope's language, in preference to our own. This cunning device, while it lightens our labours, will materially enhance the comfort of our readers.

Mr. Trollope, travelling on some official business, which, though it undoubtedly was undertaken and accomplished for the public good, does in no way concern that public, visited successively the most important among the much injured and grossly-neglected of our West Indian colonies. As a matter of course, he went first to Jamaica, and landed at Kingston, which is built down close to the sea—or rather to the lagoon which forms the harbour—has a southern aspect, and is hot even in winter. In the evening there is no twilight, and when the sun is down it is dark. More than half the streets, which look splendidly on the map, are not filled with houses, and the houses that are built are mostly of wood, and are unpainted, disjointed, and going to ruin. The streets are unpaved and unlighted. The public buildings are ugly, and hardly any Europeans or white Creoles live in the town. They have country seats at some little distance. The desolation of the town is accounted for, and in part caused by the fact that the governor and his staff of officials live at Spanish Town, a most undesirable place, it would appear, since "it is like a city of the dead," with long streets in which no human inhabitant is ever seen, but in which abide the most frightfully hideous pigs that ever made a man ashamed to own himself a bacon-eating biped. These Spanish Town pigs are never plump. They are the very ghosts of swine, consisting entirely of bones and bristles.

In Kingston Mr. Trollope made his first experience of a West Indian hotel. It was kept by Mrs. Seacole's sister, who though clean and reasonable in her charges, clung with touching tenderness to the idea that beefsteak and onions, and bread and cheese and beer, comprised the only diet proper for an Englishman. He also studied the peculiarities of black servants, and found that to a stranger their manners are very strange. They are not absolutely uncivil, except on occasions; but they have an easy, free, patronising air. They do not appear to be greedy of money, rarely ask for it, and express but little thankfulness when they get it. They like familiarity, but desire that it should be preceded by a proper degree of ceremony:

"'Halloo, old fellow! how about that bath?' I said one morning to a lad who had been com-

missioned to see a bath filled for me. He was cleaning boots at the time, and went on with his employment, sedulously, as though he had not heard a word. But he was over sedulous, and I saw that he heard me.

"'I say, how about that bath?' I continued. But he did not move a muscle.

"'Put down those boots, sir,' I said, going up to him; 'and go and do as I bid you.'

"'Who you call feller? You speak to a gen'lman gen'lmanly, and den he fill de bath.'

"'James,' said I, 'might I trouble you to leave those boots, and see the bath filled for me?' and I bowed to him.

"'Es, sir,' he answered, returning my bow; 'go at once.' And so he did, perfectly satisfied. Had he imagined, however, that I was quizzing him, in all probability he would not have gone at all."

Mr. Trollope soon left Kingston for the country, and showed his good sense by so doing. There is scenery in Jamaica which almost equals that of Switzerland and the Tyrol, and there is also a temperature among the mountains in which a European can live comfortably. The only drawbacks to the pleasure of inland travelling are the expensiveness of locomotion, the badness of the roads, and the want of hotels, which latter evil is cured, as it probably has been caused, by the hospitality of the gentry. It is both strange and sad that this very hospitality should have hardened the hearts of Englishmen against the difficulties of a farmer's existence in Jamaica:

"'It is rather hard on us,' said a young planter to me, with whom I was on terms of sufficient intimacy to discuss such matters—'We send word to the people at home that we are very poor. They won't quite believe us, so they send out somebody to see. The somebody comes, a pleasant-mannered fellow, and we kill our little fatted calf for him; probably it is only a ewe lamb. We bring out our bottle or two of the best, that has been put by for a gala day, and so we make his heart glad. He goes home, and what does he say of us? 'These Jamaica planters are princes—the best fellows living; I like them amazingly. But as for their poverty, don't believe a word of it. They swim in claret, and usually bathe in champagne.' Now that is hard, seeing that our common fare is salt fish and rum and water.' I advised him in future to receive such inquirers with his ordinary fare only. 'Yes,' said he, 'and then we should get it on the other cheek. We should be abused for stinginess. No Jamaica man could stand that.'"

Now for a description of the details of this hospitality. Let Mr. Trollope describe his day on a Jamaica plantation:

"Country life in Jamaica certainly has its attractions. The day is generally begun at six o'clock, when a cup of coffee is brought in by a sable minister. I believe it is customary to take this in bed, or rather on the bed; for in Jamaica one's connection with one's bed does not amount to getting into it. One gets within the mosquito net, and then plunges about with a loose sheet, which is sometimes on and sometimes off. With the cup of coffee comes a small modicum of dry toast.

"After that the toilet progresses, not at a rapid pace. A tub of cold water and diletante dressing will do something more than kill an hour, so that it is half-past seven or eight before one leaves one's room.

"At ten or half-past ten the nation sits down to breakfast; not to a meal, my dear Mrs. Jones, consisting of tea and bread and butter, with two eggs for the master of the family and one for the mistress; but a stout, solid banquet, consisting of fish, beefsteaks—a breakfast is not a breakfast in the West Indies without beefsteaks and onions, nor is a dinner so to be called without bread and cheese and beer—potatoes, yams, plantains, eggs, and half-a-dozen 'tinned' productions, namely,

meats sent from England in tin cases. Though they have every delicacy which the world can give them of native production, all these are as nothing, unless they also have something from England. Then there are tea and chocolate upon the table, and on the sideboard beer and wine, rum and brandy. 'Tis so that they breakfast at rural quarters in Jamaica.

"Then comes the day. Ladies may not subject their fair skin to the outrages of a tropical sun, and therefore, unless on very special occasions, they do not go out between breakfast and dinner. That they occupy themselves well during the while, charity feels convinced. Sarcasm, however, says that they do not sin from over energy. For my own part, I do not care a doit for sarcasm. When their lords reappear, they are always found smiling, well-dressed, and pretty; and then after dinner they have but one sin—there is but one drawback—they will go to bed at 9 o'clock.

"But by the men during the day it did not seem to me that the sun was much regarded, or that it need be much regarded. One cannot and certainly should not walk much; and no one does walk. A horse is there as a matter of course, and one walks upon that; not a great beast, sixteen hands high, requiring all manner of levers between its jaws, capricious and prancing about, and giving a man a deal of work merely to keep his seat and look stately; but a canny little quiet brute, fed chiefly on grass, patient of the sun, and not inclined to be troublesome. With such legs under him, and at a distance of some twenty miles from the coast, a man may get about in Jamaica pretty nearly as well as he can in England.

"The inspection of a pen or two, perhaps occasionally of the sugar works when they are about, soon wears through the hours, and at five preparations commence for the six o'clock dinner.

"Dressing for dinner, however, is *de rigueur* in the West Indies. If a black coat, &c., could be laid aside anywhere as barbaric, and light loose clothing adopted, this should be done here. The soldiers, at least the privates, are already dressed as Zouaves; and children and negroes are hardly dressed at all. But the visitor, victim of tropical fashionable society, must appear in black clothing, because black clothing is the thing in England.

"The cook in the Jamaica country-house is a person of importance, and I am inclined to think that the lady whom I have accused of idleness does during those vacant interlunar hours occasionally peer into her kitchen. The results at any rate are good—sufficiently so to break the hearts of some of our miserable eight hundred a year men at home.

"After dinner no wine is taken—none, at least, beyond one glass with the ladies, and, if you choose it, one after they are gone.

"And then men and women saunter out on the verandah, or perhaps, if it be starlight or moonlight, into the garden. Oh, what stars they are, those in that western tropical world! How beautiful a woman looks by their light, how sweet the air smells, how gloriously legible are the constellations of the heavens! And then one sips a cup of coffee, and there is a little chat, the lightest of the light, and a little music, light enough also, and at nine one retires to one's light slumbers. It is a pleasant life for a short time, though the flavour of the *dolce far niente* is somewhat too prevalent for Saxon energies fresh from Europe."

Let us finish and complete the picture with a sketch of a Jamaica gentleman:

"A better fellow cannot be found anywhere than a gentleman of Jamaica, or one with whom it is easier to live on pleasant terms. He is generally hospitable, affable, and generous; easy to know, and pleasant when known; not giving perhaps too much deep erudition, but capable of talking with ease on most subjects of conversation; fond of society, and of pleasure, if you choose to call it so; but not generally addicted to low pleasures. He is often witty, and has a sharp side to his tongue if occasion be given him to use it. He is not generally, I think, a hard-working

man. Had he been so, the country perhaps would not have been in its present condition. But he is bright and clever, and in spite of all that he has gone through, he is at all times good-humoured.

"No men are fonder of the country to which they belong, or prouder of the name of Great Britain than these Jamaicans.

"Nothing is more peculiar than the way in which the word 'home' is used in Jamaica, and indeed all through the West Indies. With the white people it always signifies England, even though the person using the word has never been there. I could never trace the use of the word in Jamaica as applied by white men or white women to the home in which they lived, not even though that home had been the dwelling of their fathers as well as of themselves. The word 'home' with them is sacred, and means something holier than a habitation in the tropics. It refers always to the old country."

We now take an enormous flying leap to British Guiana with its three provinces of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, which Mr. Trollope describes as the Elysium of the Tropics, where the men are never angry and the women are never cross, and where the form of government is a mild despotism tempered by sugar. The governor is the father of his people, and the governor's wife the mother:

"Guiana is an enormous extent of flat mud, the alluvial deposit of those mighty rivers which for so many years have been scraping together earth in those wild unknown upland countries, and bringing it down conveniently to the seaboard, so that the world might have sugar to its tea. . . . There is no limit to the fertility and extent of this region. The only limit is in labour. The present culture only skirts the seaboard and the river-sides. You will hardly find an estate—I do not think that you can find one—that has not a water frontage. . . . These strips of land are presumed to run back to any extent that the owner may choose to occupy. He starts from the water, and is bounded on each side; but backwards! Backwards he may cultivate canes up to the very Andes, if only he could get Coolies. Oh, ye soft-hearted, philanthropic gentry of the Anti-Slavery Society, only think of that; a million hogsheds of sugar—and you like cheap sugar yourselves—if you will only be quiet, or talk on subjects that you understand!"

As for the climate and its influence on the population of all shades, take the following:

"I went over the hospital with the doctor there; for even in Demerara they require a hospital for the negroes. 'And what is the prevailing disease of the colony?' I asked him. 'Dropsy with the black men,' he answered; 'and brandy with the white.'

"'You don't think much of yellow fever?' I asked him.

"'No; very little. It comes once in six or seven years; and like influenza or cholera at home, it requires its victims. What is that to consumption, whose visits with you are constant, who daily demands its hecatombs? We don't like yellow fever, certainly; but yellow fever is not half so bad a fellow as the brandy bottle.'"

As by far the largest portion of the inhabitants of the West Indies belong to the coloured races, we look with an unusual degree of interest on Mr. Trollope's remarks on this important part of the population. The picture he draws is by no means flattering, and will, no doubt, expose him to the severest animadversions on the part of the negro worshippers in this country:

"Physically he is capable of the hardest bodily work, and that probably with less bodily pain than men of any other race; but he is idle, unambitious as to worldly position, sensual, and content with little. Intellectually, he is apparently capable of but little sustained effort; but, singularly

enough, here he is ambitious. He burns to be regarded as a scholar, puzzles himself with fine words, addicts himself to religion for the sake of appearance, and delights in aping the little graces of civilisation. He despises himself thoroughly, and would probably be content to starve for a month if he could appear as a white man for a day; but yet he delights in signs of respect paid to him, black man as he is, and is always thinking of his own dignity. If you want to win his heart for an hour, call him a gentleman; but if you want to reduce him to a despairing obedience, tell him that he is a filthy nigger, assure him that his father and mother had tails like monkeys, and forbid him to think that he can have a soul like a white man. Among the West Indies, one may frequently see either course adopted towards them by their unreasoning ascendant masters."

The following will complete the picture:

"In many respects the negro's phase of humanity differs much from that which is common to us, and which has been produced by our admixture of blood and our present extent of civilisation. They are more passionate than the white men, but rarely vindictive, as we are. The smallest injury excites their eager wrath, but no injury produces sustained hatred. In the same way, they are seldom grateful, though often very thankful. They are covetous of notice as is a child or a dog; but they have little idea of earning continual respect. They best love him who is most unlike themselves, and they despise the coloured man who approaches them in breed. When they have once recognised a man as their master, they will be faithful to him; but the more they fear that master, the more they will respect him. They have no care for to-morrow, but they delight in being gaudy for to-day. Their crimes are those of momentary impulse, as are also their virtues. They fear death; but if they can lie in the sun without pain for the hour they will hardly drag themselves to the hospital, though their disease be mortal. They love their offspring, but in their rage will ill-use them fearfully. They are proud of them when they are praised, but will sell their daughter's virtue for a dollar. They are greedy of food, but generally indifferent as to its quality. They rejoice in finery, and have in many cases begun to understand the benefit of comparative cleanliness; but they are rarely tidy. A little makes them happy, and nothing makes them permanently wretched. On the whole, they laugh and sing and sleep through life; and if life were all, they would not have so bad a time of it."

As for the vexed question of the laziness of the negro, Mr. Trollope justly considers that in the West Indies the coloured population have very little inducement to work:

"But in the mean time what are we to do with our friend, lying as he now is at his ease under the cotton-tree, and declining to work after ten o'clock in the morning? 'No, tankee, massa, me tired now; me no want more money.' Or perhaps it is 'No; workee no more; money no nuff; workee no pay.' These are the answers which the suppliant planter receives when at ten o'clock he begs his negro neighbours to go a second time into the cane-fields and earn a second shilling, or implores them to work for him more than four days a week, or solicits them at Christmas-time to put up with a short ten days' holiday. His canes are ripe, and his mill should be about; or else they are foul with weeds, and the hogsheds will be very short if they be not cleansed. He is anxious enough, for all his world depends upon it. But what does the negro care? 'No; me no more workee now.'

"And who can blame the black man? He is free to work, or free to let it alone. He can live without work and roll in the sun, and suck oranges and eat bread-fruit; ay, and ride a horse perhaps, and wear a white waistcoat and plaited shirt on Sundays. Why should he care for the basher? I will not dig cane-holes for half a crown a day; and why should I expect him to do so? I can live without it; so can he."

And most powerfully is the condition of

the negro, who certainly does work, but no more than will suffice for his own immediate wants, contrasted with that of a labouring man in England:

"What would a farmer say in England if his ploughman declined to work, and protested that he preferred going to his master's granary and feeding himself and his children on his master's corn? 'Measter, noa; I beez a-tired thick day, and dunna mind to do no work!' Then the poorhouse, my friend, the poorhouse! And hardly that; starvation first, and nakedness, and all manner of misery. In point of fact, our friend the ploughman must go and work, even though his overlaboured bones be tired, as no doubt they often are. He knows it, and does it, and in his way is not discontented. And is not this God's ordinance?"

From a number of anecdotes we extract what might be called a "still life" sketch from Demerara:

"I saw a gang of ten or twelve negro girls in a cane-piece, lying idle on the ground, waiting to commence their week's labour. It was Tuesday morning. On the Monday they had of course not come near the field. On the morning of my visit they were lying with their hoes beside them, meditating whether or no they would measure out their work. The planter was with me, and they instantly attacked him. 'No, massa; we no workey; money no nuff,' said one. 'Four bits no pay! no pay at all!' said another. 'Five bits, massa, and we gin morrow 'arly.' It is hardly necessary to say that the gentleman refused to bargain with them. 'They'll measure their work to-morrow,' said he; 'on Thursday they will begin, and on Friday they will finish for the week.' 'But will they not look elsewhere for other work?' I asked. 'Of course they will,' he said; 'occupy a whole day in looking for it; but others cannot pay better than I do, and the end will be as I tell you.' Poor young ladies! It will certainly be cruel to subject them to the evil of competition in their labour."

To remedy this great social evil—to keep up estates which are failing for want of labour, to renew cultivation on estates which have been abandoned from want of hands, the proprietors in the various colonies have had recourse to the introduction of labourers, chiefly from China and India. But this salutary movement is opposed by the negroes, and by the sentimental school of politicians in England. Listen to the complaints of the black man, who still believes that emancipation means freedom not from slavery, but from work also:

"For Heaven's sake, let us be looked to! Are we not to be protected from competition? If labourers be brought here, will not those white people again cultivate their grounds? Shall we not be driven from our squatting patches? Shall we not starve? or, almost worse, shall we not again fall under Adam's curse? Shall we not again be slaves, in reality, if not in name? Shall we not have to work?"

We have already exceeded our limits, though we have but touched on a part of Mr. Trollope's volume; but those who have followed us thus far will have read to little purpose if they have failed to see that in reading the "West Indies and the Spanish Main," they travel over some of the most important portions of the globe in company with a clever, a witty, and a most practical companion, whose descriptions are most graphic, whose anecdotes are most amusing, and whose reflections are most important and suggestive. There is no saying what the season may bring forth; but, however abundant and excellent the book harvest may be, this volume takes, and must retain, a place among its choicest productions.



*Testimony: its Position in the Scientific World.* By Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E., &c. (Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.)

RATHER more than five years ago, on May 6, 1854, Mr. Faraday delivered at the Royal Institution a lecture on "Mental Training," in the course of which he dilated on the insufficiency of mere testimony, unsupported by experimental proof, to establish the truth of any physical phenomenon which was at variance with the known laws of nature. It was just about this time that public attention was generally occupied with table-turning and its kindred marvels, and there can be little doubt that Mr. Faraday had these phenomena especially in his mind, and that they furnished, so to speak, the text for his observations. His opinion was expressed in the strongest possible terms. "The laws of nature," he said, "are the foundation of our knowledge in natural things;" and again, "before proceeding to consider any question involving physical principles, we should set out with clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible." These expressions excited, both at the time and subsequently, considerable dissent. After a lapse of some time they were commented on in the columns of a contemporary with no small cogency and force; and Mr. Chambers now returns to the charge in the number of the "Edinburgh Papers" which now lies before us, distinctly enunciating the contrary position that, upon a certain amount of testimony we ought to receive any statement, however improbable. We propose to inquire briefly to what extent Mr. Chambers has succeeded in rendering Mr. Faraday's position untenable. In this, as in most similar cases, the truth will probably be found to lie somewhere between the two extremes.

In the first place we must at once admit that Mr. Faraday's statement is made in far too broad and unconditional terms. In its present form it admits of an easy and palpable *reductio ad absurdum*, which is conclusively stated by Mr. Chambers in the following terms: "You cannot know whether a fact be a fact till you have ascertained the laws of nature in the case, and you cannot know the laws of nature till you have ascertained facts: you must not profess to have learned anything till you have ascertained if it be possible, and this you cannot ascertain till you have learned everything." But if we regard it as an epigrammatic and rhetorical expression of the opinion, that mere unsupported testimony is not sufficient to establish the truth of an alleged phenomenon which contradicts all previous experience on the subject, we cannot but think that it conveys a truth of considerable importance in scientific investigations. Our view of the comparative importance of mere testimony, and of what are commonly called the laws of nature, approaches, we confess, more nearly to Mr. Faraday's than to that of Mr. Chambers. The various causes which contribute to make us hesitate in many cases to place implicit reliance on the statements of eye-witnesses of extraordinary facts, have, we think, a far more real and substantial existence than Mr. Chambers is inclined to allow them. He sneers elaborately at the bare notion of any one not being able to observe things accurately, or to give a correct report of what he has seen. On this point we would simply appeal to the judgment of any one who has had experience of that exact and accurate observation which is essential to the efficient prosecution of

physical science; no one who is not so qualified is a competent judge. We do not allude, nor did Mr. Faraday, as Mr. Chambers seems to suppose may possibly be the case, to the establishment of great and general scientific truths—we are quite as alive as he is to the difference between the thing seen, and the inference to be deduced from it—but simply to the observation and relation of the experimental results upon which such truths are based; and we assert that, even in this case, that degree of accuracy which is absolutely necessary to make the statement of the fact perfectly reliable, is far less easy of attainment than Mr. Chambers is inclined to suppose. It is quite unnecessary for him to assert so warmly that "universal false observation, universal false consciousness, and universal false reporting, are moral impossibilities." No one ever said they were not. We only say that, considering the difficulty of observing and reporting natural phenomena with perfect accuracy, we should, in most cases, think it more probable that the reporter was mistaken, than that an alleged contradiction of the laws of nature was true.

But, even supposing Mr. Faraday's statements as to the value of testimony to be taken in the modified sense we have just suggested, Mr. Chambers differs from them *toto cuncto*. He regards this scepticism as to extraordinary occurrences as a most deplorable habit of mind, entirely opposed to the spirit of inductive philosophy; quotes with admiration a dictum of Dr. Abercrombie's, that "the foundation of incredulity is generally ignorance;" and cites the opinion of Dr. Chalmers that "the best preparation on entering into any department of inquiry is that docility of mind which is founded on a sense of our total ignorance of the subject." But surely Mr. Chambers does not suppose that Dr. Chalmers intended his remark to apply to such men as Mr. Faraday. To the student, who is commencing the study of any particular branch of natural science, it is doubtless perfectly sound advice, and its enforcement in his case may be entirely good and wholesome; but does Mr. Chambers mean to say that an experienced natural philosopher, when approaching the investigation of an alleged phenomenon, is to prepare himself by throwing overboard all the knowledge which he has previously and painfully acquired, in order to attain to a consciousness of perfect ignorance of everything relating to the subject of his inquiry. How ever desirable such a consummation may be, we very much fear that it is scarcely attainable in practice; and, even were it attainable, we doubt whether it would lead to the most desirable scientific results. The inquirer who has reached this pitch of docility is likely to be taught very strange things. The laws of nature—by which we mean the ordinary course of nature, as far as we have yet succeeded in ascertaining it—are doubtless in the first instance arrived at by the observation and study of facts; but when they have been once ascertained, they become naturally and properly the standard by which the probability of future alleged facts is principally to be tried. Thus it is perfectly true that facts in the first instance establish the law, and that the law, when once established, re-acts upon and becomes a test for facts; so that the first clause of Mr. Chambers's *reductio ad absurdum* is not so very absurd after all. It may be quite true, as Dr. Abercrombie observes, that ignorance is fre-

quently the foundation of incredulity, as in the case which he cites of the King of Siam, who, if he had known more about the matter, would not have regarded the freezing of water as an altogether absurd and impossible fable. But surely, on the other hand, there is some truth in the common opinion, that ignorance is the parent of a blind and indiscriminating credulity. We may almost say that incredulity springs from conscious, credulity from unconscious, ignorance. The philosopher who is thoroughly acquainted with the results of previous scientific inquiries is quite aware of the small proportion which the knowledge that he has already acquired bears to the great mass of natural truths of which he is as yet ignorant; but he is far too keenly sensible to the value of what has been already won to abandon it at the first—ay, or the fiftieth—rumour of a contradictory fact. We doubt, however, whether the services which he will render to the cause of science are not likely to be more considerable than those of him who receives without question every statement which is established in the mouth of two or three witnesses, neither knowing nor caring to inquire whether it is in accordance or at variance with previously established facts.

Mr. Chambers observes, with some exultation, that no contrast could well be more complete than that which exists between the methods recommended by Mr. Faraday and Dr. Chalmers respectively, as being that in which a subject of scientific inquiry may be most fitly and profitably approached. This observation is undeniably true; and the explanation of it is exceedingly simple. The former is the method of a scientific, the latter of an unscientific, inquirer. The scientific man considers no testimony so satisfactory as that of nature herself. By means of experiments, he subjects her to a course of questioning; and to her answers he attaches more weight than to any amount of second-hand testimony that can possibly be collected even from the most reliable sources. If the subject be one which does not admit of experimental inquiry, he falls back upon what he already knows of the course of nature; and, should the alleged fact be contrary to what has been previously sufficiently established, he naturally regards it with extreme suspicion. Mr. Chambers is fond of illustrating his argument by imaginary cases, so he will not object to our availing ourselves of one which actually occurred. Let us take the alleged phenomena of table-turning, which, as we have already said, were in all probability the special object of Mr. Faraday's remarks. Mr. Faraday was induced, by the extraordinary reports which were current on that subject, to devise a cunning experiment with a view of ascertaining, if possible, the cause of its phenomena, the result of which was to prove beyond any reasonable doubt that the motion of the table was in all cases produced by an exertion of force, possibly involuntary and unconscious, but still none the less real and actual, on the part of the operator. Such being the case, was he not justified in attributing the motion to this external and intelligible cause rather than to some mysterious and unknown force, analogous to magnetism, which, though long since dead and buried, Mr. Chambers now seems decidedly inclined to exhumate? Or was it so very wonderful that many persons who had previously been sceptical as to the actual occurrence of the phenomena, were ready to admit their reality as soon as a rational



cause was assigned for their production? Mr. Chambers is willing to admit the necessity of a certain amount of caution in the reception of statements of extraordinary occurrences; does he think that the caution exhibited in this instance was either excessive in degree, or frivolous and vexatious in its application?

We have no intention of following Mr. Chambers into his extension of Mr. Faraday's principles of inquiry to the miracles of Scripture. The latter gentleman, fortunately for himself, has guarded against the charge of infidelity which otherwise many zealous Christians would doubtless have been ready to bring against him, by the plain assertion that, in his opinion, there is an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief, and that he refuses to apply those mental operations which he thinks good in respect of high things to the very highest. We are quite willing to share with Mr. Faraday the "reproach" which, in Mr. Chambers's opinion, he has hereby incurred "in the eyes of all those who have any reverence for human reason." The Scripture miracles are, of necessity, objects, not of reason, but of faith. Mr. Chambers may endeavour to persuade himself that he regards them as upon exactly the same footing with any other extraordinary events, and believes in them solely on the strength of the human testimony by which they are supported; but in point of fact this is not the case. If the next New York paper were to contain an account of any similar miracle having been wrought last month in the United States, we conceive that no amount of merely human testimony would convince Mr. Chambers of the reality of the occurrence. We presume that he does not hold the realistic doctrine that the miracles of Scripture were not really departures from the ordinary course of nature, and that they appear miraculous to us only because we are ignorant of the precise laws by which they were regulated. If they were not absolute infractions of the usual laws of nature, they could not, it seems to us, further the high moral purpose for which they were designed; it is the existence of this purpose which makes belief in them possible, but it does so only by transferring them from the domain of reason to that of faith.

Before concluding, we must beg the reader's attention to the extraordinary character which Mr. Chambers conceives himself justified in attributing to the whole class of students of physical science. In speaking of the incredulity with which the early accounts of the phenomena of mesmerism were generally received, he says:

"The rôle of the physicist during a course of years, while the matter was under trial, was to utter derisive shouts, to proclaim *charlatanerie*, and show the inconsistency of the alleged facts with the laws of nature. But for an irregular corps of experimentalists, who were not to be awed into quiescence by *à priori* objections from authoritative sources, this interesting group of natural truths, for anything that appears, would have remained totally undeveloped. It is ever so. The physicist, either from narrowness of mind, induced by the pettiness of his special studies, or from a fear of losing what reputation he may have acquired, or from the vanity of appearing incredulous (for here lies a temptation very besetting to human nature) sets himself in opposition to all such new doctrines. He not only does nothing for their advancement, but he seeks by all means to put them down, as if, since he can have no gain by them in any way, he felt personally aggrieved by the notice which they attract."

It is not an easy matter to characterise in strong enough terms of reprobation this eminently false and paltry view of the character of scientific men in general, and of the motives by which they are actuated in their reception of alleged facts. By the mere enunciation of it Mr. Chambers has shown himself incapable of forming a candid or reliable opinion on scientific subjects. We will leave the reader to judge for himself of the good taste and decency of characterising a man like Mr. Faraday, for it is against him that the pamphlet is especially directed, in terms like these. We would only ask Mr. Chambers whether it has ever occurred to him that the pursuit of truth may possibly be the object of scientific research; and in case it has, whether he does not conceive that those who do not agree with him as to the value to be assigned to human testimony may possibly be actuated by this motive. However small and petty the pursuit of physical science may be, it has not at any rate narrowed the minds of its votaries to such a degree as to induce them to attribute false and unworthy motives to those whose opinions do not in all points coincide with their own.

*Ceylon: an Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical.* By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D. (Longman & Co.)

[SECOND NOTICE.]

PREVIOUS to the year 1826 the early history of Ceylon was involved in impenetrable obscurity, and it was generally believed that the national chronicles were nothing more than myths or romances. In that year, however, Mr. Turnour, a gentleman employed in the Civil Service of the island, alighted upon a *tika*, or prose commentary on the *Mahawanso*, the Singhalese "Book of Kings." The word literally signifies the "Genealogy of the Great," and more correctly applies to the first section of this metrical chronicle of the royal dynasties of Ceylon, although the entire work embraces a period of twenty-three centuries, from 543 B.C. to 1758 A.D. The first or "Great Dynasty" commences with Wijayo, an exiled prince from the valley of the Ganges, who, failing to effect a settlement on the Indian peninsula, finally landed in Ceylon, and, marrying the daughter of a native chief, gradually made himself master of the island. The aboriginal inhabitants appear to have been demon-worshippers, and are designated in the sacred books as *Yakkos* or "demons," and *Nagas* or "snakes": the former possessing a capital city, called Lan-kapura, and the latter giving the name of Nagadipo, or "Serpent's Isle," to the territory they occupied. Fortunately for the people, as well as for himself, Wijayo did not consider it his peculiar "mission" to make converts so much as happy and prosperous subjects. He therefore introduced or improved the arts of life, encouraged agriculture, and prepared the way for a widely extended and profitable commerce. He also bestowed upon his kingdom his patrimonial name of Sihala, whence are derived its subsequent denominations of Singhala, Silan, Seylan, and Ceylon. His immediate successors walked closely in his footsteps, and, in their eagerness to promote immigration, concerned themselves but little with the religious opinions of their people. About three hundred years, however, before the Christian era, Mahindo, a zealous votary of Buddha, arrived in the island, and converted the nation and its ruler to his own faith. A

few years later a branch of the sacred Bo-tree of Maghada—the identical *Pippal* under whose shady boughs Gotama received Buddhahood—was planted at Anarajapora, "where, after the lapse of more than two thousand years, it still continues to flourish and to receive the profound veneration of the Singhalese." King Tissa at that time reigned in Ceylon, and in consequence of the part he took in establishing the new religion, his name is honoured in the sacred writings with the prefix of *Dévānā-pia*, or "beloved of the saints." Under his auspices were built the earliest Dagobas, or Buddhist temples, which still exist to excite the wonder and admiration of travellers. These extraordinary constructions consist of "a dome of brickwork, surmounted by a terminal or *tee* (generally in the form of a cube supporting a pointed spire) and resting on a square platform approached by flights of stone steps." Some of these are "scarcely exceeded in diameter and altitude by the dome of St. Peter's," and are formed of solid masonry, inclosing a hollow vessel of stone or metal, in which was placed a sacred relic, such as a lock of Gotama's hair, or the fragment of a bone. Though professing a life of asceticism and poverty, the priests of Buddha were soon numbered by tens of thousands, given up to entire idleness, and provided with food by the royal bounty: clothing was likewise distributed to them at certain seasons. Agriculture received an additional impulse from the constant arrival of immigrants from the Gangetic valley, and a high degree of social and material well-being appears to have been attained. The *Mahawanso*, or "superior dynasty," held dominion, with only one brief interruption—during the usurpation of Elala—from the conquest of the island by Wijayo to the death of Mahasen, A.D. 302, at which period the *Sulu-wanso*, or "inferior race," commenced the broken and turbulent epoch of Singhalese history, that terminated at the beginning of the sixteenth century, through the successful invasion of the Portuguese. It would take far more space than can be devoted to such a subject in the columns of a weekly Review, were we to attempt to trace the decline and downfall of these native sovereigns, or the gradual lapse of the national prosperity and independence:

"To the great dynasty, and more especially to its earliest members, the inhabitants were indebted for the first rudiments of civilisation, for the arts of agricultural life, for an organised government, and for a system of national worship. But neither the piety of the kings, nor their munificence, sufficed to conciliate the personal attachment of their subjects, or to strengthen their throne by national attachment, such as would have fortified its occupant against the fatalities incident to despotism. Of fifty-one sovereigns who formed the pure Wijayan dynasty, two were deposed by their subjects, and nineteen put to death by their successors. Excepting the rare instances in which a reign was marked by some occurrence, such as an invasion and repulse of the Malabars, there is hardly a sovereign of the 'Solar race' whose name is associated with a higher achievement than the erection of a dagoba, or the formation of a tank; nor one whose story is enlivened by an event more exciting than the murder through which he mounted the throne, or the conspiracy by which he was driven from it. . . . The story of the Kings of Ceylon of the *Sulu-wanso*, or 'lower line,' is but a narrative of the decline of the power and prosperity which had been matured under the Bengal conquerors, and of the rise of the Malabar marauders, whose ceaseless forays and incursions eventually reduced authority to feebleness, and the island to desolation. The rapid biography of

the royal imbeciles who filled the throne from the third to the thirteenth century, scarcely embodies an incident of sufficient interest to diversify the monotonous repetition of temples founded and dagobas repaired; of tanks constructed, and priests endowed with lands reclaimed and fertilised by the 'forced labour' of the subjugated races. Civil dissensions, religious schisms, royal intrigues and assassinations, contributed equally with foreign invasions to diminish the influence of the monarchy and exhaust the strength of the kingdom. Of sixty-two sovereigns who reigned from the death of Mahasen, A.D. 301, to the accession of Prakrama-bahu, A.D. 1153, nine met a violent death at the hands of their relatives or subjects, two ended their days in exile, one was slain by the Malabars, and four committed suicide. Of the lives of the larger number the Buddhist historians fail to furnish any important incidents; they relate merely the merit which each acquired by his liberality to the national religion, or the more substantial benefits conferred on the people by the formation of lakes for irrigation."

Only one bright ray illumines the gloom that pervades this long period of decadence. Prakrama-bahu, by his energy and ability, for a brief space restored the fallen fortunes of his race, and held out the unfulfilled promise of a glorious resuscitation. He not only expelled the foreign invaders, known as Malabars, but who in reality came for the most part from the Dekkan, but he revived internal prosperity, repaired the crumbling temples of Buddha and the houses of the priests, embellished the chief cities with stately edifices, and constructed 1470 tanks for purposes of irrigation, and 300 others for the special benefit of the priests. "The great Lakes" which he repaired, as specified in the *Mahawanso*, amount to 1395; and the smaller ones which he restored or enlarged, to 960. Besides these, he made 534 watercourses and canals by damming up the rivers, and repaired 3621." But, on the death of this great and enlightened prince, thick darkness again descended on the "beautiful Lanka," the "island of gems," and each succeeding sovereign was more feeble and worthless than his predecessor. The wonderful beauty of the island and the defenceless state of its inhabitants inflamed the cupidity of the Portuguese, who finally, after nearly one hundred years of violence and bloodshed, subdued all the lowlands up to the foot of the lofty zone that encircled the kingdom of Kandy. Their triumph, however, was short-lived. In 1602 the first Dutch ship touched at Ceylon and cast anchor in the Port of Batticaloa, and, before fifty-six years had elapsed, the last Portuguese garrison was transported to Europe according to the terms of the capitulation, and the ecclesiastics to Coromandel. The fierce intolerance of those Roman Catholic fanatics now gave place to a mean and truckling policy in the cause of Mammon, on the part of the Protestant traders, who postponed Christianity to commerce, and jeopardised their national honour by their individual greed. The change of masters, however, was so far beneficial to the natives that they were no longer subjected to torture and a cruel death in the name of Him who preached universal peace and goodwill, but in other respects nothing was done to raise their moral or even their material condition. The administrative system of the Dutch was of a strictly negative kind. If they did not oppress the Singhalese themselves, they took no trouble to screen them from the oppression of the native officials and head-men. They simply regarded the island as a source of wealth and the inhabitants as instru-

ments of production, but never bestowed a thought on their welfare as human beings. So, after a time, being weighed in the balance and found wanting, their kingdom was taken from them and given to another, and, on the 16th day of February, 1796, "Ceylon, with all its fortresses, ammunition, and artillery, its archives, and the contents of its treasury and stores, was ceded to the victorious English."

The British supremacy commenced under unfavourable auguries. The combined incompetency and cupidity of the Madras civilians, to whom the administration of the island was at first entrusted, speedily led to a rebellion, and to the direct government of the Crown. The first governor, however, Mr. North, was rather desirous to acquire the reputation of a subtle politician than of a man of high principles and honour. He accordingly entered into a disgraceful intrigue with the Adigar against the reigning King of Kandy, and conducted it in such a manner that the British contingent was foully massacred, and the entire hill district rendered independent and hostile. The final subjugation of the island was not effected until the early part of 1815, and, even then, so insecure was the British tenure, that a terrible insurrection broke out in the following year and narrowly failed of being successful. At last, peace and tranquillity were enforced by superior prowess and discipline, and now the milder arts of civilisation are exercising their humanising influence, and the rude dwellers in the mountains almost equally with the less high-spirited inhabitants of the lowlands recognise the advantages of order and intelligent industry:

"When the English landed in Ceylon, in 1796, there was not in the whole island a single practicable road, and troops, on their toilsome marches between the fortresses on the coast, dragged their cannon through deep sands along the shore. Before Sir Edward Barnes resigned his government, every town of importance was approached by a carriage-road; and the long-desired highway from sea to sea, to connect Colombo and Trincomalee, was commenced. Civil organisation has since been matured with equal success, domestic slavery has been abolished, religious disqualifications removed, compulsory labour abandoned, a charter of justice promulgated, a legislative council established, trading monopolies extinguished, commerce encouraged in its utmost freedom, and the mountain forests felled to make way for plantations of coffee, whose exuberant produce is already more than sufficient for the consumption of the British Empire."

Having brought the history of Ceylon down to the year 1850, Sir Emerson Tennent proceeds to give detailed descriptions of the physical features of the different provinces, of the social economy of the inhabitants, both native and European, of the present system of government, and, in short, of everything that can interest alike the patient student athirst for knowledge, and the cursory reader intent only on the amusement of the passing hour. This portion of his valuable work assumes a more familiar style, and appears in the form of a narrative of travels and personal observations, and in truth there are few matters connected with the island that have not attracted his notice. It is thus he sketches his first impressions as he drove along the excellent road from Point de Galle to Colombo:

"In its peculiar style of beauty nothing in the world can exceed in loveliness the road from Point de Galle to Colombo; it is literally an avenue of palms nearly seventy miles long, with a rich undergrowth of tropical trees, many of them crimson

with flowers and overrun with orchids and climbing plants, whose tendrils descend in luxuriant festoons. Birds of gaudy plumage dart amidst the branches, gay butterflies hover over the shady foliage, and insects of metallic lustre glitter on the leaves. Bright green lizards dash over the banks and ascend the trees, and the hideous but harmless iguana, half familiar with man, moves slowly across the high-road out of the way of the traveller's carriage, and hisses as it retreats to allow him to pass. Where a view of the landscape can be caught through an opening in the thick woods, it is equally grand and impressive on every side. On one hand is seen the range of purple hills which form the mountain-zone of Kandy, and stretch far as the eye can reach, till they are crowned by the mysterious summit of Adam's Peak. To the left glitters the blue sea, studded with rocky islets over which, even during sunny calms, the swell from the Indian Ocean rolls volumes of snowy foam. The beach is carpeted with verdure down to the line of the yellow sand; and occasionally the level sweeps of the coast are diversified by bold headlands, which advance abruptly till they overhang the waves, and form sheltering bays for the boats of the fishermen which, all day long, are in motion within sight of the shore. Arboured in the shade of the luxuriant groves nestle the white cottages of the natives, each with its garden of coco-nuts and plantains, and in the suburbs of the numerous villages some of the more ambitious dwellings, built on the model of the old Dutch villas, are situated in tiny compounds, enclosed by dwarf walls and lines of arecas."

On another occasion, while journeying to Kandy, to pass the hot season in the hills, Sir Emerson came upon a village of Pariahs who, in many respects, resemble the Cagots of the Pyrenees or the Cayeux of Brittany. They are called Rodiyas, and are apparently of foreign extraction, though nothing certain is known of their origin and history:

"The designation Rodiya, or *rodda*, means literally 'filth.' They were not permitted (under the Kandyan kings) to cross a ferry, to draw water at a well, to enter a village, to till land, or learn a trade, as no recognised caste could deal or hold intercourse with a Rodiya. Formerly they were not allowed to build houses with two walls or a double roof, but hovels in which a hurdle leaned against a single wall and rested on the ground. They were forced to subsist on alms or such gifts as they might receive for protecting the fields from wild beasts, or burying the carcasses of dead cattle; but they were not allowed to come within a fenced field even to beg. They converted the hides of animals into ropes, and prepared monkey-skins for covering tom-toms and drums, which they bartered for food and other necessities. They were prohibited from wearing a cloth on their heads, and neither men nor women were allowed to cover their bodies above the waist, or below the knee. If benighted, they dare not lie down in a shed appropriated to other travellers, but hid themselves in caves or deserted watch-towers. They could not enter a court of justice, and if wronged had to utter their complaints from a distance. Though nominally Buddhists (but conjointly demon-worshippers), they were not allowed to go into a temple, and could only pray 'standing afar off.' Although they were permitted to have a head-man, who was styled their *hollo-vallia*, his nomination was stigmatised by requiring the sanction of the common jailor, who was likewise the sole medium of communication between the Rodiyas and the rest of the human race. So vile and valueless were they in the eyes of the community that, under the Kandyan rule, when it was represented to the king that the Rodiyas had so multiplied as to be a nuisance to the villagers, an order was given to reduce their numbers by shooting a certain proportion in each kuppiyame. The most dreaded of all punishments under the Kandyan dynasty was to hand over the lady of a high-caste offender to the Rodiyas; and the mode of adoption was by the Rodiya taking betel from his own mouth, and placing it in hers, after which till death her degradation was indelible. Under



the rule of the British, which recognises no distinction of caste, the status of the Rodiyas has been nominally, and even materially, improved. Their disqualification for labour no longer exists; but after centuries of mendicancy and idleness they evince no inclination for work.

Socially, their hereditary stigma remains unaltered; their contact is still shunned by the Kandians as pollution, and instinctively the Rodiyas crouch to their own degradation. In carrying a burden they still load the pingo (yoke) at one end only, instead of both, like other natives. They fall on their knees, with uplifted hands, to address a man of the lowest recognised caste; and they shout on the approach of a traveller to warn him to stop till they can get off the road and allow him to pass without the risk of too close proximity to their persons. Their habits are filthy, and their appetites omnivorous. Carrion is as acceptable to them as the flesh of monkeys, squirrels, the civet cat, mungoes, and tortoises; and they hover near ceremonies and feasts, in the hope of obtaining the fragments. As if to demonstrate that within the lowest depths of degradation there may exist a lower still, there are two races of outcasts in Ceylon, who are abhorred and avoided even by the Rodiyas. These are the Ambetteyos, or barbers, and the Hanomoxeyos, or betel box-makers of Oova, who are looked on as so vile that no human being would touch rice that had been cooked in their houses; and the Rodiyas, on the occasion of festivals, tie up their dogs to prevent them from prowling in search of food to the dwellings of these wretches.

The great length of the preceding extract renders it impossible for us to do more than allude to the very interesting chapter on the Veddahs, an outcast race probably descended from the aboriginal Yakkos, who dwell in the south-eastern section of the island. So slight is the line of demarcation that distinguishes them from the brute creation, that it is difficult to determine where the mere animal ceases and the rational being begins. They have no knowledge of a God, or of a future state, and do not even bury their dead, but cover them with leaves and brushwood, and leave them in the jungle. The village Veddahs are raised a degree above their kinsmen of the rocks and coast, but even they are only one step removed from utter savages. In many respects these poor harmless creatures are less intelligent than the huge elephant, as described in the marvellously exciting monograph dedicated by Sir Emerson to the monarch of the Ceylon forests. A kindly and acceptable boon would it prove to the general community if this section were reprinted as a separate volume. Nowhere else can be found such a minute and graphic delineation of the habits of the lordly monster, whether roaming at large through the primeval forests, or reduced to the condition of a patient drudge, and compelled to ignominious toil by the masters of creation. The account, too, of the capture of wild elephants in a corral sends the blood tingling to the fingers' ends, and must inspire the least sportsman-like reader with a hot desire to take his passage in the very next steamer and sail away to Serendib, and judge for himself of the truth of Sindbad's story touching their burial-place. For ourselves, it only remains to congratulate the author on the ability, research, and artistic taste he has displayed in the collection and arrangement of such vast and varied materials, and to give one other extract to illustrate the glowing eloquence with which he describes the natural beauties and attractions of the Kandyan jungles surrounding the coffee plantations of Pusilawa:

"With the first glimmering of dawn the bats and nocturnal birds retire to their accustomed

haunts, in which to hide them from 'day's garish eye'; the jackal and the leopard return from their nightly chase; the elephants steal back timidly into the shade of the forest from the water-pools in which they had been luxuriating during the darkness; and the deep-toned bark of the elk resounds through the glens as he retires into the security of the forest. Day breaks, and its earliest blush shows the mists tumbling in turbulent heaps through the deep valleys. The sun bursts upwards with a speed beyond that which marks his progress in the cloudy atmosphere of Europe, and the whole horizon glows with ruddy lustre:

Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light.

At no other moment does the verdure of the mountain woods appear so vivid; each spray dripping with the copious dew, and a pendant brilliant twinkling at every leaf; every grassy glade is hoar with the condensed damps of night, and the threads of the gossamer sparkle like strings of opal in the sunbeams.

"The earliest members of the animated world that catch the eye are the *Hesperidae*, the first butterflies that, with abrupt gesture, pay their morning visit to the flowers. . . . The other species make their appearance with unerring certainty at successive stages of the morning. . . . till, as day advances, the broad-leaved plants and flowering shrubs are covered by a dancing cloud of butterflies of every shape and every hue. The bees hurry abroad in all directions, and the golden beetles clamber lazily over the still damp leaves.

"The earliest bird upon the wing is the crow, which leaves his perch almost with the first peep of dawn, cawing and flapping his wings in the sky. The parrots follow in vast companies, chattering and screaming in exuberant excitement. Next the cranes and waders, which had flown inland to their breeding-places at sunset, rise from the branches on which they had passed the night, waving their wings to disencumber them of the dew, and, stretching their awkward legs behind, they soar away in the direction of the rivers and the far sea-shore.

"The songster that first pours forth his salutation to the morning is the dial-bird, and the yellow oriole, whose mellow, flute-like voice is heard far through the stillness of the dawn. The jungle cock, unseen in the dense cover, shouts his reveillé; not with the shrill clarion of his European type, but in rich melodious call, that ascends from the depths of the valley. As light increases, the grass warbler and maynah add their notes; and the bronze-winged pigeons make the woods murmur with their plaintive cry, which resembles the distant lowing of cattle. The bees hurry abroad in all directions, and the golden beetles clamber lazily over the still damp leaves. The swifts and swallows sally forth as soon as there is sufficient warmth to tempt the minor insects abroad; the bulbul lights on the forest trees, and the little gen-like sun-birds, the humming-birds of the East, quiver on their fulgent wings above the opening flowers.

"At length the fervid noon approaches, the sun mounts high, and all animated nature begins to manifest the oppression of his beams. The green enamelled dragon-flies alone flash above every pool in pursuit of their tiny prey; but almost every other winged insect seeks instinctively the shade of the foliage. The hawks and falcons now sweep through the sky to mark the smaller birds which may be abroad in search of seeds and larvae. The squirrels dart from bough to bough uttering their shrill, quick cry; and the cicada on the stem of the palm-tree raises the deafening sound whose tone and volubility has won for him the expressive title of the 'Knife-grinder.'

"It is during the first five hours of daylight that nature seems literally to teem with life and motion, the air melodious with the voice of birds, the woods resounding with the simmering hum of insects, and the earth instinct with every form of living nature. But as the sun ascends to the meridian the scene is singularly changed, and nothing is more striking than the almost painful

stillness that succeeds the vivacity of the early morning. Every animal disappears, escaping under the thick cover of the woods; the birds retire into the shade; the butterflies, if they flutter for a moment in the blazing sun, hurry back into the damp shelter of the trees as though their filmy bodies had been scorched by the brief exposure; and, at last, silence reigns so profound that the ticking of a watch is sensibly heard, and even the pulsations of the heart become audible. The buffalo now steals to the tanks and water-courses, concealing all but his gloomy head and shining horns in the mud and sedges; the elephant fans himself languidly with leaves to drive away the flies that perplex him; and the deer cower in groups under the over-arching jungle. Rustling from under the dry leaves the bright green lizard darts up the rough stems of the trees, and pauses between each spring to look inquiringly around. The woodpecker makes the forest re-echo with the restless blows of his beak on the decaying bark, and the tortoise drops awkwardly into the still water which reflects the bright plumage of the kingfisher, that keeps his lonely watch above it. So long as the sun is in the meridian, every living creature seems to fly his beams and linger in the closest shade.

"Man himself, as if baffled in all devices to escape the exhausting glare, suspends his toil; and the traveller who has been abroad before sunrise reposes till the mid-day heat has passed. The cattle pant in their stifling sheds, and the dogs lie prone upon the ground, with their legs extended in front and behind, as if to bring the utmost portion of their body into contact with the cool earth.

"As day declines nature recovers from her languor and exhaustion, the insects again flutter across the open glades, the birds venture once more upon the wing, and the larger animals saunter from under cover, and move away in the direction of the ponds and pasture. The traveller recommences his suspended journey, and the husbandman, impatient to employ the last hours of fading light, hastens to bring the labours of the morning to a close. The birds which had made distant excursions to their feeding grounds are now seen returning to their homes; the crows assemble round some pond to dabble in the water, and readjust their plumes before retiring for the night; the parrots settle with deafening uproar on the crowns of the palm-trees near their nests; and the pelicans and sea-birds, with weary wing, retrace their way to their breeding-place near some solitary watercourse or ruined tank. The sun at last

Sinks, as a flamingo,  
Drops into her nest at nightfall.

Twilight succeeds, and the crepuscular birds and animals awaken from their mid-day torpor and prepare to enjoy their nightly revels. The hawk-moths now take the place of the gayer butterflies, which withdraw with the departure of light; innumerable beetles make short and uncertain flights in the deepening shade, and in pursuit of them and the other insects that frequent the dusk, the night-jar, with expanded jaws, takes low and rapid circles above the plains and pools.

"Darkness at last descends, and every object fades in night and gloom; but still the murmur of innumerable insects arises from the glowing earth. The fruit-eating bats launch themselves from the high branches on which they hang suspended during the day, and cluster round the mango-trees and tamarinds; and across the grey sky the owl flits in pursuit of the night moths on a wing so soft and downy that the air scarcely echoes its pulsations.

"The palm-cat now descends from the crest of the coco-nut where she had lurked during the day, and the glossy genetie emerges from some hollow tree; they steal along the branches to surprise the slumbering birds.

"Meanwhile, among the grass already damp with dew, the glow-worm lights her emerald lamp, and from the shrubs and bushes issue showers of fire-flies, whose pale green flashes sparkle in the midnight darkness till day returns and morning 'pales their ineffectual fires.'



*Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell.* By Cyrus Redding. (Skeet.)

[FIRST NOTICE.]

PERFECT life seems to be most nearly approached by a pure and healthy poet. His works exhibit him revelling in nature, believing man was not made to mourn, blithely seeking the brighter side of things, and ever ready to sound the hymn of praise to the good giver of all things. We believe this man to be superior to the mass of his fellow-men, as we read his words we envy him, and then with a sigh turn to our every-day working life, and in the midst of its toil and warfare we sometimes lay down the great sword of life, and again and again contemplate that calm beauty, that perfect earthly happiness which we associate with this fortunate man.

But how different do we not sometimes find the stern reality. The poet dies—his history is written, and then we learn that the life we pictured so serene and happy has been one long dull pain, a hopeless, almost unendurable existence, the termination of which could not be feared, perhaps welcomed.

By Mr. Redding's book we learn that Thomas Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," must have lived a weary life. No man is better able to delineate Thomas Campbell than Mr. Redding. With him daily, seeing him at all hours, and under many circumstances, he of all men should best photograph the poet. But Mr. Redding has not done this. The best biographer is one who thoroughly believes in his subject, so thoroughly as to take faults for virtues, describe weakness as strength, in short, declare black to be white; then only can we discriminate and come to a comparatively just conclusion as to the merits and demerits of the "Life" portrayed. Such a biographer we find in Boswell: with no other feelings than such as he possessed could he have written his great work. Johnson was his idol—all he did Boswell believed to be perfect, and so the biographer has frequently chronicled acts and words of the doctor's, intended to redound to Johnson's credit, which a more judicious biographer would have suppressed altogether. Such an injudiciously judicious biographer we find in Mr. Redding. To him Campbell is no hero. He knows his faults; can reckon all his failings; is certain how he will think upon most subjects: in a word he was Campbell's right hand for ten years, and surely in that length of time we may learn a man's character. Hence it is that this biography is not satisfactory. The compiler has not laboured at a great labour of love; he has only written a book on a highly interesting subject. Never, in any of its pages, do we find those outbursts of feeling which go so far to make up the charm of Boswell's book. In a few words, Mr. Redding is not a second Boswell. He is a cool, unruffled gentleman, a literary Jesuit (we use the word in no offensive way), who, as he guides his pen, has every passion under control, and intends that no ill-advised expression of feeling shall betray his own opinion for a single moment. The book is a good book; but it can never rank high as a biography.

This life of Thomas Campbell exhibits the poet as perhaps one of the most miserable of men. His utter inability to concentrate his attention upon any subject whatever for any length of time was of itself

such a misfortune as must embitter any existence; but when to that unhappiness was added the greatest of all the afflictions with which our Maker thinks fit to chastise and purify us, we may indeed say of Campbell that his sufferings were more than those of a martyr. The curse was hereditary madness—not inherent in himself; the bitterness was infinitely greater. It was insanity engendered in his son, and passing to the lad from his mother. Imagine the awful discovery of that great terror in Campbell's household. The wife has, perchance, hidden the dread truth, hidden it in the fragile hope that, from her, the seeds of madness will not germinate. She bears children, and on one miserable day the enemy's hand is upon the head of one of these youths, and it rests there. What a life! What despair! Bend, entreat, grovel—it is all useless. The irrevocable edict has gone forth in time long past; the "great terror" will not die; it passes on its destroying way through the ages, and where it will rest from destroying no man shall say. Who can picture the feelings a sane man must entertain for the wife who has entailed this hereditary curse upon his children—a feeling perchance unexpressed, but living and undying.

This feeling *must* have been Campbell's. It is not easy to imagine the misery of his life, the dread watching lest the mad son might unwittingly slay others, or destroy his own life. The fear of the night; the father stealing to the son's room, hoping all is well; the miserable climax of satisfaction when he finds the youth sleeping; and then the heavy footstep toiling back. And this must have been Campbell's existence—this was the life of the writer of the "Pleasures of Hope"; he who had no hope; he who lived in blank despair.

It is indeed hard to say whether the perusal of such a life tends to good or evil—it may lead to gratitude for blessings enjoyed; it may induce a great horror of the evils that overcloud our worldly existence.

The words Mr. Redding uses in his Preface are sufficient to prove some of these assertions:

"No more is intended in the present volumes than to aid in recording some remembrances of one of our best poets, during an interval of time when he was in the height of his reputation, and when no one except the writer possessed the means of observing his progress, for many consecutive years of uninterrupted and exclusive literary confidence. In this record the writer has endeavoured to be impartial, to detail faults as well as virtues, when no motive for discolouring facts can possibly exist, death having shrouded in impervious darkness all of a distinguished man of genius but his poetical labours."

And here we must once for all record our conviction that a worse written book than this in point of style, has not for years fallen under our notice; almost every sentence is faulty. However he shall tell why he writes it:

"It was at the request of several persons numbered among the friends of Campbell, and not of his own accord alone, that the writer collected some of his notes, published before, relative to the poet, and made the additions found in these pages. In the few notes put together by the poet himself, just before his decease, in which memory and judgment seem too often at fault, written many years subsequent to the period to which these pages more directly refer, there is an absence of the characteristics of the better part of his career, and incidents are misrepresented, marking too strongly the inconsistency of our common nature in ripening the genius of one distinguished individual at a period before that of another is ma-

tured. In one case maintaining it to the last hour of the longest life, and in another making its intensity disappear before the middle age of humanity."

Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. His family had long resided in Argyleshire. The poet's mother, in common with the mothers of most celebrated men, was "a woman of much decision of character and great prudence. Campbell was one of eleven children, whose names and ages, births and deaths, Mr. Redding minutely and somewhat unnecessarily gives us:

"Thomas, the poet, came into the world, as one born out of due season, his father being then sixty-seven, and his mother about thirty-seven. He informed the present narrator that his father was born in 1716. Observing a portrait in the poet's study set on edge upon the floor, he said it was that of his father. It carried the resemblance of a venerable man in old-fashioned costume, and wearing a wig. There was not the remotest resemblance in the picture to the poet, though in personal appearance it had been reported like him; which, on remarking, he admitted he could not see himself. On observing that it did not look like a man of ninety years of age, he said he did not know at what period of his father's life it was taken, which might account for the impress of so great an age not being visible in the portrait."

Also, in common with most celebrated men, Campbell was reported, "if not an idle boy, one who would only learn by fits and starts." His first appearance in verse seems to have occurred when in his eleventh year:

"They are entitled 'An Elegy on Poll, written on the Death of a Schoolmaster's favourite parrot':

Melpomene, thou queen of tears,  
Attend my dirge of woe,  
Nor blush with harmony to deck  
My numbers as they flow.

Poor Poll was but an hourly joy,  
A gift soon to decay—  
Emblem of all our earthly bliss,  
That only lasts a day.

The dust of death is poor Poll's heart,  
Poor Irvine he doth cry:  
'O, may the day of the year be dark  
On which my Poll did die!'

At school Campbell was fond of mischief, as he would be, being idle. At this period of his life he wrote lampoons, which fearfully disgusted the "rigidly righteous" Scotch, as Mr. Redding calls them. Indeed, he "ran a little wild" at times:

"At thirteen Campbell gained a Leighton bursary in Glasgow university, in competition with a candidate far above his own age. Spurred on by a feeling of the necessity for exertion on account of his narrow circumstances, he laboured hard, and the success excited a spirit of emulation to exert himself still more. He annually bore off prizes, while his efforts in the Greek tongue were fully as successful as those in the Latin had been. Yet his efforts appear to have been irregular—at one time strenuous, at another lax.

"His earlier success seems to have given him a predilection for classical learning. When he had acquired the German, he read all the German critics upon the classics of Greece and Rome, and continued to read all that was published new regarding them, to the very last. Except metaphysics and biblical literature, he at one time neglected almost every other topic. The geography of the ancients, for example, he knew more accurately than that of the moderns.

"When the poet quitted the university, where his translation from Aristophanes was pronounced the best version ever produced by any student, he was in his seventeenth year. He was now perplexed how to relieve his family by following some profession or business, at least, so as to be independent of his parents. His father's income had become reduced by a lawsuit, his family large, and he on whom it depended for support being

in his eighty-fourth year. The poet could decide on nothing, because every day more and more exhibited the pressure upon talent destitute of wealth."

There is no need to state what was Campbell's ultimate decision, which, of course, naturally involved the part of "tutor."

Of the "Pleasures of Hope" and its origin, Mr. Redding says:

"Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination' had long been published, and Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory' had preceded that time by nearly six years, there was, consequently, no novelty in the 'Pleasures of Hope,' as respects title; but it was there he made the first sketch of the poem. It is now of no moment to examine why he adopted the existing title, since that it was not original must be evident; it is probable, indeed almost certain, that the rough copy of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' yet existing in manuscript, was all that the poet brought to Edinburgh. In later times, he seemed to fling a veil of mystery over the history of this earlier performance. Hence it is likely arose so many conflicting statements about its origin and publication."

As an evidence how little the poet knew of the "ungentle trade," as Mr. Redding denominates that of the publishers, Campbell commenced his battle with those publishers by the offer of translations from the Greek: they found little favour. His first literary money was twenty guineas, to abridge a book on the West Indies:

"He at once cast his law-copying to the dogs, a labour which could not but act as a narcotic to high intellect, and sink imaginativeness in the technical monotony of unmeaning verbiage and triviality; in fact, nothing could be more averse to his poetic temperament. He returned to his native town on foot, resolving to complete his task there. To his return home he was more immediately urged by the hope of meeting a brother from America. He proceeded with his task for Mundell; projected various schemes, none of which were brought to pass, and composed 'The Wounded Hussar,' which was sung as a ballad about the streets of Glasgow."

Of his celebrated poem, Mr. Redding says:

"I once asked Campbell whether it was true that he got but fifty pounds for the copyright of the poem, and he replied that was the correct sum. Upon which I remarked that it was an unlucky adventure in publication; but that no bookseller would have given such a sum to a young stranger for the best tragedy of Shakspeare, were the author unknown in the great world. 'Oh,' replied the poet, 'I did not go to mine unrecommended.'"

"My supposition was, that the sum of fifty pounds had been paid to the poet in the usual manner; but the following statement of facts, ascertained since his decease, shows that Campbell, as already observed, was not, from pride, or some unknown reason, at all inclined to be more communicative than was absolutely necessary, respecting the copyright of his poem. There were some circumstances of novelty attaching to it, which he could hardly have forgotten, especially as he was free enough in his communications upon incidents of an earlier date; in fact, he showed a disingenuousness in regard to this business which it is not easy to explain."

"He did not receive fifty pounds in money for the copyright of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' but he parted with the copyright of the poem altogether for two hundred printed copies, to be received of the publishers."

"Now, two hundred copies in quires would be above fifty pounds, and supposing the sum of fifty shillings for boarding and selling at six shillings, he must have received fifty-seven pounds ten shillings for the copyright. He also was presented by his booksellers, of their own free will, with twenty-five pounds for every edition of a thousand copies, or if two thousand were printed,

fifty pounds, which sums were sometimes remitted to him in London, through Longman and Co., and sometimes paid to his mother. . . . Besides these payments, Campbell received permission to print by subscription a quarto edition, the seventh, for his own benefit. This edition yielded him at least six hundred pounds more, or in all, eight hundred and seven pounds. Campbell did not receive less than nine hundred pounds for the copyright of the 'Pleasures of Hope' alone. . . .

"Almost faultless as well as being exquisitely beautiful, the 'Pleasures of Hope' has some errors, which on that account appear the more remarkable, and these errors, too, though small, are of a very obvious character. With all the graces of execution and elaborateness of workmanship, that they should have escaped both himself and Dr. Anderson, the last so recognised for his critical acumen, is wonderful. The remark was once ventured to him, that the introduction of tigers to the shores of Lake Erie—

On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,

was an error that might easily be corrected in future editions. He admitted to me it was an error, but he would not alter it, 'because it had gone through so many editions.' The truth no doubt really was, that his pride would not permit him to acknowledge the error, and that it would be thought he used it from the opinion that it was a legitimate poetical licence."

It was not Campbell's "pride," it was Campbell's "reverence" which forbade the excision of the mistake. A successful man looks back upon his unsuccessful self of the earlier days as upon another creature, dead and past away, and he has too much awe for that perished man to alter and remodel his work.

In 1803, being then twenty-six years of age, he had fought the great battle for bread, and had no more fear on that score:

"He wrote some lines on the threatened invasion, and was for some time employed in translating for the *Star* newspaper, in 1802. He lodged, before his marriage, at 61, South Molton Street. In 1803, he returned to London, where rumour stated that he wrote a series of articles in defence of the Grenville Administration, which appeared in an evening paper, and that these were the reasons of his receiving a pension of 1847. out of the Scotch excise. This was made up to 3007. subsequently by Lord Melbourne's ministry. The pension could hardly have been conferred for any such service as that above stated. The knowledge of his pecuniary circumstances, and his being the foremost poet of that day in merit, his Whig principles, and personal knowledge of some of the most distinguished of the party, are sufficient to account for the grant which took place in October, 1806; the intentions of Fox in the matter being carried out by his successors."

The following extract yields a good knowledge of the poet's daily life while existence was yet sweet:

"His mode of life at Sydenham was mostly uniform with that which he afterwards followed in London, when he made it his constant residence. He rose not very early, breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined a couple or three hours after noon, and then made calls in the village, oftentimes remaining for an hour or more at the house of a maiden lady, of whose conversation he was remarkably fond. He would return home to tea, and then retire again to his study often until a late hour, sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic. He gave a dinner party now and then, and at some of them Thomas Moore, Rogers, and other literary friends from town were present. His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome. In those days he took his wine freely at times, when he had company. When he had no company, he generally left the table directly after dinner was over."

"It was unfortunate that his habits of study were not long fixed upon any subject, but were

discursive, and were not directed to carry out a single object to the end. In the course of investigation upon one topic, some incident would intervene which tempted him to a different pursuit for a time, and such an inclination he could not resist. It is impossible to bring much to pass under a similar system, when the propensity becomes uncontrollable; and this was continually the case with Campbell, and was one reason why he produced so little fruit. The revision of his lectures on poetry was once laid by in this manner for a year, during which period he produced no more than a few verses."

That Mr. Redding has exceeded, however, his duties as a biographer, the following extract will show:

"In referring to these odes, it is hardly possible to overlook a recent censure respecting them cast upon Campbell. I refer in Lord Brougham's volume of characters to that of Johnson. Lord Brougham, it is well known, can give opposite characters to the same individual, as in the case of George IV. Hence it might be thought hardly worth while to notice the charity of his feelings and his wonted inaccuracy in the present instance. These might be left to their place in the same category with the inconstancy of his friendships and the instability of his politics, but that Lord Brougham is no common example of talent, at times unhappily perverted, and of heartlessness united with the assumption of high sensibilities. His lordship has, perhaps, admirers of a similar constitution to his own, destitute of his talents, but inflexible in their admiration of him, out of a common sympathy. It is impossible not to wish that they may not have the excuse of ignorance for their mistaken worship."

We are sorry to take this miserable passage as a specimen of the work, but it is not an unfair one. In order that our readers may understand the matter, we may just observe that Lord Brougham is not very complimentary. Mr. Redding pays him in kind.

#### Consols Insurance Association for Effecting Life Insurances on Government Securities.

SOME time ago Dr. Farr, of the Registrar-General's Office, Somerset House, devised a new system of life insurance, which he first placed at the disposal of the Government, and then, at the suggestion of Mr. Baylis, consented that it should be carried out by a Joint-Stock Company named as above. Dr. Farr thus explained his views:

"The chief features which I contemplated were, the rendering Life Insurance safe, equitable, and well accommodated to the wants and to the means of the public; by divesting the *Policy-holder* of the risk of losing a large portion of his payments or of forfeiting his policy, through inability on his own part to pay the annual premium, as well as of the risk arising under an imperfect audit; and by giving him the option, at any time, of employing the accumulating deposit to his account as a security, or of withdrawing it for use in other ways. This would bring Insurance within the reach especially of young men entering life—and of classes who cannot prudently lock-up irretrievably a large portion of their prospective income under the old system of Insurance, however ably it might be carried out by some existing Companies."

"In the absence of the direct Government Security and Audit, it is indispensable that the Investments under these plans should be made in the safest and the most easily convertible securities, I mean the *Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities*, commonly called *Consols*; that the current value of each Policy, determined from the Valuation Table by the Actuary, and vouched by some competent authority, should every year be circulated among the Policy-holders; and moreover that the addition to the net premium should be sufficient, with the paid-up capital of the Society, to discharge all necessary expenses, and to cover the risks."



From this it will be seen that Dr. Farr's object was to remove many obstacles to insurance which have been widely felt, and to obtain a much better security for the insurer than the old system provided. By their deed of settlement the company is bound to invest a certain portion of premium in Consols, which still stand in the names of Lord Keane, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, Lord Claude Hamilton, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Thomas Mann, Esq., of the Registrar-General's Office, and Dr. Farr himself will be an auditor of the Consols' Fund. The authorised capital of the Association is 5,000,000*l.* in 1*l.* shares, and the plan has met with unusual favour at numerous public meetings held in various parts of the country, and has also been favourably noticed by a large section of the press. It would occupy a considerable space to analyse the scheme in detail, but no authority stands higher than that of Dr. Farr, and if the Directors avoid the prevalent error of new companies—extravagant expenditure—they may found one of the most important institutions in the kingdom.

#### THE LORD-ADVOCATE AND JOHN KNOX.

So, then, the members of the bar are gradually becoming theologians and ecclesiastical historians. A few weeks back we had a long speech from the Attorney-General of England about the effects of Christianity upon the life of a man with regard to his success in the world; and now we have the Lord-Advocate of Scotland upon English and Scotch church history. With Sir Richard Bethell we have to-day nothing further to do; his sermon was preached a month ago; but the Lord-Advocate's address belongs to the news of the week, and comes therefore naturally under our notice. It was delivered on Tuesday evening last at Exeter Hall, before the members of the Young Men's Christian Association and others, and treats of a subject upon which we are compelled to admit that too little is known in this part of the country,—the reformation of religion in Scotland, and its effect upon that in England. It is not a popular subject. It has never been popularly treated. The affairs of Scotland of the time of the Reformation have been regarded, we think, too entirely from a political point of view, to the exclusion, or at least to the obscuring, of the religious movement then going on among the people. The prominent figures in the history of this period are, as they should be certainly, the Queen-Regent, the beautiful Queen Mary, her husband, Lord Darnley, the grandson of Henry VII., and next after Mary of England heir to the English throne. The son of Mary and Darnley thus united in his person the right of succession to England and Scotland. The prominence given to these and a few other personages cannot be objectionable. The fault is, the relief is so strong that all other figures are cast too much into the shade; there are, however, one or two more which, though not regal, yet take an important part in the events represented, and whose presence is necessary to the completion of the picture. However this may be, it is true enough that of John Knox but little is popularly known, and we doubt whether many could tell us much more than that he was an earnest and powerful preacher, that he was apt in his earnestness to express himself with rather an unmannerly freedom to a youthful and handsome queen, and that his followers, at

his instigation, destroyed some of the most beautiful monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity in Scotland. There is no denial of the fact, that not only of the Scottish Reformation three hundred years ago, but even of the actual state of ecclesiastical matters in Scotland at the present time, there is a lamentable amount of ignorance in the public mind. It seems scarcely to be known generally that there is in Scotland a genuine branch of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church, which dates its origin from early times indeed, if we may credit the old distich:

*Christi transactis tribus annis atque ducentis,  
Scotia Catholicam coepit inire fidem:*

which fixes the reception of Christianity by Scotland at the seventh year of Severus, A.D. 203. The fact is that, as we said before, the ecclesiastical history of Scotland has still to be written,—impartially and popularly written; and when that is done, but not before, will the English public be inexcusable from the charge of ignorance upon this highly-interesting and important, but ill-understood, subject.

The topic then was well chosen by the learned lecturer on Tuesday evening. It did not come within the scope of his address to say anything of the early Church of Scotland, or of its fortunes. The subject which he had selected was alone sufficient to occupy fully the hour and forty-five minutes for which he spoke; and to his audience, consisting as it did chiefly of young men just entering into the world, and capable still of receiving an impression for good or for evil which may influence their conduct to the end of their days, the character of John Knox, treated as the lecturer treated it, must have afforded as much useful and suitable instruction as, from the great and marked attention paid throughout, we may be sure that it did afford matter of interest.

The Lord-Advocate's hero was indeed a great and wonderful man—a man most suited to the times in which he lived, and to the work which he had to perform. Bold and strong-hearted, honest and thoroughly in earnest, unseduced in courts and unsuited in prison—he was essentially the man of all others for the circumstances in which he was placed. And though it has long been the fashion to look upon him as being only half-civilised as it were—a harsh, rude, uncouth specimen of a semi-barbarous people—yet, to quote the words of the late Bishop Russell, “perhaps it may be asserted that a more amiable, modest, and temperate person would have proved less fitted for the office which he undertook to fill. He lived in a storm, and therefore required the wings of the eagle and the courage of the lion, as well as the wisdom of the man. They were, indeed tempestuous times, times which warranted and required rough treatment; even though we cannot go so far as to excuse him for the wanton desecration and destruction of cathedrals and churches by his followers, whose madness he had excited by his declamatory harangues, and whom we do not find that he made any attempt to restrain in their wild and wilful mischief. There are ruins of magnificent ecclesiastical structures still in existence which testify to the ruthless temper of the rascal multitude (as he himself called them) of John Knox.”

We are glad to see pointed out, in a simple and popular manner, the connection of the celebrated Scotch reformer with the English Church and Court, and the fact of his being actually engaged, as one of the chaplains of King Edward VI., upon the

commission appointed to revise the Liturgy and to settle the Articles of Faith of the English Church. Herein we conceive the chief usefulness and instructiveness of the lecture to consist, and we trust that it may tend to provoke a desire of more knowledge upon a point which nearly touches us, but upon which people are in general about as much informed as they are upon the history of what are especially called the dark ages.

It is interesting to trace the career of this great and courageous man through difficulties and dangers, captivity and exile, to triumph such as seldom falls to the lot of any one; to see him with a mighty arm breaking through the strongholds of depravity, overthrowing abuses, and, almost single-handed, working out a glorious reformation, where reformation was indeed so much needed; to hear his earnest voice; even in the very fastnesses of superstition, denouncing the idolatry practised there, and in the very bower of love, even though a Queen was the presiding goddess; preaching the necessity of a practical sobriety of conduct correspondent to the professed sobriety of faith in the Christian religion. Lay-bishops, and boy-bishops,—like Bishop Campbell of Brechin, appointed by Queen Mary to the episcopate while still at school,—were no longer to be tolerated. They were swept away; and in 1560, by Act of Parliament, the jurisdiction of the Pope was renounced; *mass* was ordered to be said no more in the kingdom under the most severe penalties; and Knox drew up his famous “First Book of Discipline.” By comparing this article with the report of the lecture of Tuesday evening in the daily papers, the reader will observe that we are making it our business to speak rather of points left untouched by the Lord Advocate; but it appears to us that, considering, as we said, how uninformed in general the public is upon this subject—and no doubt the majority of the audience at Exeter Hall formed no exception to the common rule—the lecturer would have made his case much stronger, had he shown that, in matters of church-government as well as in doctrine, the Scottish Reformer held the same views with the Reformers of England. The representatives of the system founded by John Knox on the overthrow of the papal dominion in Scotland are the present Presbyterians; whereas the Reformed Church of England is, and always has been episcopal. How far then can Knox be classed as one of the English reformers, as the Lord-Advocate would have him to be, with this great difference between his and the English notion of church-discipline? A little explanation upon this point would have been useful; and it may very easily be given. For the “First Book of Discipline” actually establishes three orders of ministers; 1<sup>o</sup> The Superintendent; 2<sup>o</sup> The Minister; 3<sup>o</sup> The Reader; and these three orders answered in all their separate and distinct functions quite as entirely and exactly to the three orders generally recognised in the Church as Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, as do the different orders of any church in the world. There was a hatred of Popery in the nation, and it was found expedient to get rid of every name that reminded people of Popery; and so Bishops became Superintendents, and instead of being consecrated, they were inaugurated; and Ministers and Deacons, alias Priests and Deacons, were admitted instead of being ordained. This was an important point overlooked by the Lord-Advocate. It is difficult



to reconcile to the mind the idea of Presbyterian John Knox figuring as a reformer of the Episcopal Church of England. But the difficulty is capable of an easy solution. John Knox never was Presbyterian in his notions of church-discipline. The form of government established by him was episcopal; only the name was in Latin instead of Greek, because the Greek word had become distasteful. Nor was there any other form of church-government in existence for at least twenty years afterwards; for Presbyterianism actually dates, not from the "First Book of Discipline" of John Knox, in 1560, but from the Jesuit, Andrew Melville, who first proposed the scheme in 1580.

That the first Superintendents, appointed by Knox himself, considered themselves to be Bishops, we may learn from the words of Superintendent Erskine, in a report to the Regent on the subject of the tithes of which the Church had been robbed:—"I understand a Bishop or Superintendent to be but one office; and where the one is, the other is." And though Presbyterians are inclined to dispute this, and to deny the episcopal character of the superintendents, yet, even among their own writers, we find some candid enough to confess that it was "a form of prelacy that was then established," and speak of "the modified and excellent form of episcopacy founded by John Knox."

We have no space left in the compass of this short article to enter more at length upon the connection, not only of John Knox personally, but of the Scottish Reformation generally with the English Reformation. We have pointed out what seems to us to have been an omission in the argument of the lecture of Tuesday evening; for English Episcopalians require such a point of difficulty to be solved, before they can fully understand the closeness of the resemblance between the Reformed Church of John Knox and that of England, whose succession of Bishops from the earliest times has never been destroyed. We can only add, that the Lord-Advocate has ably inaugurated the course of lectures for the season, and we trust that future speakers may do as much for the instruction as well as for the entertainment of their hearers.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Christian Oratory of the First Five Centuries.* By Horace M. Moule, of Queen's College, Cambridge. (Macmillan.) This little volume is the Hulsean Prize Essay for 1858. A noble, a grand subject, the "Christian Oratory of the First Five Centuries"—the centuries of the foundation and the grandeur of our religion. First there are whisperings of the death of the Saviour; gradually converts congregate; then the people are talking of these new religionists; talking first contemptuously, then angrily, then hatefully. Persecutions succeed; the followers of the new faith furnish forth the pleasures of the idle, and at last the good faith is regnant. Emperors bow before the real God; their people submissively follow; and the religion of the civilised world is utterly changed. Mr. Moule's essay bears evidence of very considerable reading and great carefulness: and is, we should say, a sort of book that is very well adapted for students in the diocesan colleges. The author divides his subjects into the apostolic period, the philosophic and mystic period, and the oratorical period. The composition of the work is marked by great evenness throughout. Any portion of the essay would furnish good extracts. Of the length of sermons in the early Christian centuries, Mr. Moule says:

"The length of Sermons was, of course, liable to as many fluctuations then as it is now. But it may be re-

marked as a general rule, that the discourses of the Greek Fathers are the longer, and of the Latin Fathers very considerably, the shorter of the two. The delivery of the latter could rarely have occupied more than half an hour; often not more than ten minutes."

Mr. Moule considers Athanasius "the informing practical mind of the first half of the fourth century." He says:

"But for him, Ambrose would have wanted something of that vigorous and determined energy which was his great characteristic, and which was materially assisted, if it was not altogether supported, by an intense dogmatic conviction. We might expect therefore to find what is, in fact, the case; that, for the most part, the writings of this great Church Father are models, not of oratorical skill, but of polemical disquisition. And, even on this score, the merit of acuteness, of a subtlety which is sometimes truly wonderful, constitutes his almost single claim to intellectual distinction."

Decidedly the most elaborate portion of the essay is that devoted to Chrysostom:

"Chrysostom is emphatically a study for a lifetime. The great variety of his works, and the variety of circumstances under which they were produced from time to time, at some periods literally from day to day, during his eventful life, render the antiquities alone of his remains a long and intricate study. The voluminousness of the homilies he left, without taking account of any other kind of discourse, is indeed surprising. Sixty-five on Genesis, excluding nine on single passages in the same book; ninety on St. Matthew; eighty-seven on St. John; fifty-four on the Acts; thirty-two on the Epistle to the Romans; forty-four on the First Epistle to the Corinthians; thirty on the Second; twenty-four on the Ephesians; fifteen on the Philippians; twelve on the Colossians; eleven on the First Epistle to the Thessalonians; five on the Second; eighteen on the First Epistle to Timothy; ten on the Second; six on Titus; three on Philemon; and thirty-four on the Epistle to the Hebrews—this is a most formidable array of matter for the patristic student to analyse or to digest. The number of sermons, moreover, whose authority is doubtful, is very large. One hundred and seventeen of these are to be found in Savile's seventh volume; and sixty more in his fifth, which also contains sixty-two sermons on various isolated texts, and thirty-four panegyrics."

Mr. Moule places Augustine in utter contrast with Chrysostom:

"In Hippo there laboured, for the last few years of the fourth century and the first thirty of the fifth, a man quite of another type than that of the great Oriental commemorated in the preceding chapter: of another type, moreover, than his own predecessors in the direction of Western Christendom; if, indeed, Tertullian and Cyprian, provincials by birth like Augustine, but men who continued to be provincials, can be said to have held the spiritual direction of the Western world in any sense in which Augustine held it. He was a man whose grasp of intellect was enormous, his energy intense, and, above all (a feature which Milman has pointed out), his appearance was happily timed, so that his mental action was precisely suited to the period during which he lived."

Mr. Moule shows, and very successfully, that all English divines who have risen to oratorical eminence have deeply studied both Augustine and Chrysostom. In a word, the essay is really noticeable,—firstly, for its research; secondly, for clear and beautiful style.

*The Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass, newly collected, chronicle, and set forth in our English Tongue.* By Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. (Trübner & Co.) Ordinary English readers know little of Tyll Owlglass, or, as his name is translated, Tyll Owlglass, a famous person in German mediæval story, and one whose acquaintance they will be glad to make through Mr. Mackenzie's version. We shall not enter into the inquiry of Owlglass's claims to be considered a historical personage; for, although we are quite willing to believe in the gravestone which bears his effigy, and do not dispute the pedigree assigned to him, it is plain that the Owlglass who has come down to us is not so much the representation of an individual as of the current humour and quaint thought that was popular towards the close of the fifteenth, and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Tyll Owlglass is a curious character, a sort of compound of the court fool and the legendary Puck. He is always in mischief, fond of practical jokes, and concealing under an aspect of stupidity a store of broad humour and stinging satire. From his babyhood upwards he outwits everybody with whom he comes into contact; but, although a merciless cheat, is always a favourite from his fund of fun. It is quite evident that, in their rough fashion, the old Germans dearly loved a good joke, and the amount of humour in a people is no bad measure of their good qualities, and of their power

to become valuable members of the human family. A bad people may develop thin sour wit, but broad, genial, and even mischievous humour comes of a good stock, and is one of its happiest signs. The Eulenspiegel stories being written about the time of the Reformation, it is natural to expect that they will contain indications of the state of mind that led to that great event; and accordingly we find a tone of free thought about them, and a rough dealing with monks and priests, that must have been very comforting to the popular mind; and the satire ends by Owlglass dying in the odour of sanctity, and enjoying canonisation, with the first of April for his special day. A great many of Eulenspiegel's jokes consist in a literal fulfilment of the orders he received from his various employers, or by dexterously twisting to his own purpose bargains made in a particular form of words, but there are many others of a different nature, and which convey moral lessons that the world has not yet perfectly learnt. Thus at Magdeburg he announced that he would fly from the roof of the Town Hall, and when old and young thronged the market-place to witness the extraordinary feat, he thus addressed them from the roof, having previously excited their expectations by raising his arms as if he meant to keep his word:

" 'Truly thought I, that nowhere in the world was there a fool so great as am I. Yet here in this city do I well see that ye are almost every one of ye fools; for when that ye did say that I could flee down from where I stand, then believed I ye not. I am not a goose, nor a bird, nor have I either feathers or wings to flee with, without the which can nobody flee. Therefore manifestly do ye well see, that it is a deceit and a lie.' "

"Then came he down away from the roof of the town-house in the same manner that he had gone up, and left the people standing. And some of them laughed, and others said, 'Although he is both knave and fool, yet hath he spoken the truth.' Thus it is with many besides the people of Magdeburg, who rush eagerly to believe that the which they might see is most plainly untrue; while what is possible and within their means to make them good sport, and serve them with good service, that neglect they with great scorn and contempt."

At Frankfort he turned doctor during the absence of a physician whom he had engaged to serve, and happily knowing nothing of drugs:

"Put on his head the wig of his master, and on his shoulders he bare his mantle. Then, with a grave and noble demeanour, he departed unto the houses of the sick patients who sent for him. When that he arrived, he sat gravely down with a serious face, felt their pulses, and after much heavy thought, he ordered them always to be bled and to drink warm water. Thereafter he departed from them."

"Then marvellous to tell, all his patients grew wondrously well in no long time, and they paid him much money for his pains. When that his master returned, he knewed of Owlglass was soon discovered, and he was fain to depart. Yet such was the wisdom of good Master Owlglass, that it is related that his master thereafter followed no other art than had been thus invented by Owlglass; and after that time the doctor became famous, and wrote a large book upon the virtue of warm water and blood-letting."

His next proceeding was to draw teeth, and cure everybody by a wondrous pill, which, unlike modern quacks, he had the good sense to make of innocent materials, and by which he made a great deal of money. His manner of thinking, and how he formed his life according to the principles of virtue and goodness are thus described:

"Now he loved much to be always among friends and in company, and as long as he lived were there three things, which with great avoidance he did always run from and leave undone. The first thing was, that he never did ride a horse which was gray, but at all times a bay horse, for the gray horse did mind him of an ass, the which animal held he in great scorn. The second thing which he could not bear to be with him was the company of little children, for that wheresoever he found them, there was more care taken of them than of his own noble person. The third thing was, that he would never lie in an inn where that he found an old mild host; for a host that was old and mild held Owlglass in but little esteem, and was thereto also for the most part nought but a fool."

"Every morn when that he rose up from his bed, he blessed himself against healthy victual, great happiness, and strong drink, in which three blessings none can deny that he was a wise man. And when it happened that he passed by an apothecary's house, did he bless himself against healthy victual, for it might truly be a healthy place whence victual might issue; yet it was a sign of sickness before. Good fortune was it when a stone fell from the house top and struck him not down; for then might he of a truth cry, with great praise: 'If that I had myself been standing on that place, so would it have fallen upon me and killed me; and such fortune would he most willingly not have. The strong drink against

which he blessed himself, was water, for it be so strong as soon to drive round great mill-wheels, and to the good fellow that drinketh thereof cometh death. It was also told of Owlglass that he wept always when that he did go down a hill, and he laughed when he climbed one. For truly wist he, in the descending, that soon would he come again unto a mountain, while in climbing knew he that soon would he come again to the top, whence to pass down into the valley. In fine weather, or at a time when summer began, then did he also weep with many tears, and when that winter approached, laughed he. And ye that read herein may, in your wisdom, answer the reason why he did this thing.

How he treated a priest to whom he went to confess is thus recorded :

"On a time it happened that Owlglass thought to go to confession, for his sins were many, and therewith was his soul sore laden, so that he meditated much on the badness of his ways. Then came he to the church, where sate the priest in the confessional, and before him stood a silver box, by which he set great store. Then Owlglass began a long speech, in the which he told the good priest his heavy sins, so great in number; and at last, the saying of Owlglass was so long, that the priest did lean back and slept, for he was weary of the knaveries of Owlglass. Then Owlglass took the box away, and did put it in his pouch.

"When that the priest again awoke he did rub his eyes with his fingers, and spake unto Owlglass, saying: 'Where stood we, my son?' Then answered Owlglass, 'and said unto the priest: We stood at the eighth commandment, father. Then said the priest: 'Spokest thou, my son; fear not, nor in any wise conceal what lieth upon thy conscience.' Then answered Owlglass, saying: 'Alas! holy father, on a time I did steal a silver box from a person, and I will now give it unto thee.' Then said the priest: 'Nay, my son, stolen goods will I not have; give the box unto him that owneth it.' That would I already do," answered Owlglass; 'but he refused me, saying that he would not receive it.' Thereat spake the priest, and said: 'Then canst thou keep it with a good conscience; go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.'

"Then Owlglass departed, and sold the box unto a Jew for several pieces of silver. But the priest slept not again in confession; and thus Owlglass got for others more sins forgiven than before, which did great good unto all men."

At another confession he robbed a priest of a horse; at a third, told the absolutismonger :

"Lo! in yonder vessel lieth store of treasure, put in thine hand and pluck forth a handful; but do thou see that thou dip not too deep." Yet was the priest greedy, and hearkened not unto the words of Owlglass, but dipped his hand deep into the vessel, and behold! there was Master Owlglass greatly benefited, so that strength returned unto him, and he rose up from his bed and said unto him: 'Dost thou not see! I required of thee that thou shouldst not dip too deep into the vessel; but thou wouldst not hearken unto my words, for on the top lay the treasure, the which was thine. And he laughed and made sport of the priest's greed. Then was the priest wroth, and departed, and would with such a knife have no more to do."

While Archbishop Cullen and his confederates are denouncing every English statesman who desires to see a reformation of Popish misrule, it would be well if an Italian Owlglass would exhibit the absurd side of the superstition by which his countrymen are enthralled, and we can well imagine that the German Eulenspiegel was a valuable coadjutor to the Lutheran party. One more story will exhibit Eulenspiegel's mode of dealing :

"One day Owlglass entered at Cologne into an inn, and it came to pass that the provision was put unto the fire to cook when that it was very late, and the time for dinner came soon thereupon. And Owlglass loved good cheer, and therefore was he wroth thereat, for he loved fasting no more than a pious friar. This perceived the host, and spake unto him, saying: 'He that cannot bide until that dinner be ready, may eat that he hath.' Then gat Owlglass a small loaf, and that did eat; and thereafter sat down by the hearth at the fire, and he smelled the savour of the meat upon the spit, and it satisfied him. And when dinner-time came, the table was set and the meat brought up, and the host sate with the guests at the table, but Owlglass abode in the kitchen by the fire. Then said the host unto him: 'Wilt thou not sit at meat with us?' 'Nay,' quoth Owlglass, 'I care not to eat; with the savour of the roast am I filled.'

"Then the host held his peace, and continued to eat with the guests, and after dinner they paid him and departed this way and that way; yet abode Owlglass by the fire. To him entered the host with his pay-table, and would have of him two Cologne pence for his dinner. And Owlglass said unto him: 'Sir host, are ye that kind of man which demandeth pay of one who hath not eaten?' Then was the host hungry, and said, 'he should pay, for an if he had not eaten of the meat, had not he confessed himself filled with the savour thereof?' Then took Owlglass forth a Cologne penny and threw it on the table, and said unto the host: 'Hearest thou the sound of this penny?' 'Yea,' quoth the host. And Owlglass quickly took up his penny again, and put it into his pouch, and said: 'As much reward the sound of my penny is unto thee, even so much have I profited of the savour of thy meat.' And when the landlord would have received the penny of him, Owlglass denied it unto him, and mocked

him with much scorn, and departed thence over the Rhine water, and gat him back again into Saxony."

Mr. Mackenzie's translation is well calculated to popularise this work. The book is beautifully printed, and the illustrations by Alfred Crowquill worthy of his fame.

Amongst other new editions we have received "Echoes from the Backwoods," by Sir Richard G. A. Levinge, Bart., M.P. (Routledge.) This is a capital book, the work of a gentleman, and always interesting. "The Gloaming of Life, a Memoir of James Stirling." Twelfth thousand. "The Kellys and the O'Kellys." By Anthony Trollope. Now presented to the public for the first time in a cheap form. The work must sell; it is by an author who is ever amusing, frequently even witty. "Gil Blas," illustrated by George Cruikshank. (Bohn's Illustrated Library.) Mr. Cruikshank never exceeded these translations; they are astounding, and models for the study of all young artists.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

*Sharp's Magazine*, of which we have lost sight for some time, is really good—if it contains no wonderful papers, it certainly exhibits very few bad ones; all are healthy; not one guilty of containing false sentiment. The present number contains a good review of "Adam Bede," the writer saying, "the great marvel of the book is Hetty." The best paper in the number is "The End of an Epic"—the epic being the Arctic expeditions. It might have been written by Mr. Hughes himself, as the following extracts will show :

"Shall I be accused of exaggeration if I say that this search for the north-west passage is the purest piece of heroism in the whole history of the English people."

"And McClintock and his crew were worthy of the men they sought. He is not a big man, they tell me—not a hero of romance, to look at, by any means; and I dare say that his crew are but fair samples of the better class of English sailors. At which I hugely rejoice. If all that such men have endured and achieved can be borne and done by ordinary Englishmen, so that they will but love their work and obey their orders, why the more reason have we to be proud of our race, proud of these bloodless triumphs over foes assuredly more terrible than ever we shall have to meet in the shock of battle by land or sea."

*Routledge's Natural History*, Part VIII. This part contains the history of the martens, the polecat, ferret, weasel, stoat, skunk, &c. Mr. Wood has, of course, many very good lines. Of the polecat, he says :

"There is a beautifully merciful provision in this apparently cruel habit of the polecat, by which the creatures that are doomed to fall under its teeth and claws are spared from much suffering. The first bite which a polecat delivers is generally sufficiently powerful to drive the long canine teeth into the brain, and to cause instantaneous insensibility, if not instantaneous death. Its habit of drawing the blood from the veins is another preservative against suffering, for the wounded animal is thus deprived of life while its senses are deadened by the injury to the brain, and the possibility of a lingering death prohibited. Nearly all the members of the weasel tribe are remarkable for this development of a sanguinary nature, but in none of them is it more conspicuous than in the polecat."

"The Polecat does not restrict itself to terrestrial game, but also wages war against the inhabitants of rivers and ponds. Frogs, toads, newts, and fish are among the number of the creatures that fall victims to its rapacity. It has been known to take great numbers of frogs and toads, and to lay them up as a living store of food in a corner of its habitation, and to guard against their escape by a bite upon the brain of each victim, which produced a kind of perpetual drowsiness, and prohibited them from any active exertion. Large stores of eels have also been found in the larder of a polecat,—a remarkable circumstance, when we consider the slippery agility of the eel, and its powers of swimming when immersed in its native element."

The ferocity of the ferret and the bravery of an English lad are finely shown in the following anecdote :

"The lad was prowling round a small, thickly-wooded copse, in search of birds' nests, when he saw a sharply-pointed snout protruding from a rabbit-hole in the bank which edged the copse, and a pair of fiery little eyes gleaming like two living gems in the semi-darkness of the burrow. Being a remarkably silent and reticent lad, he told no one of his discovery, but went into the village, and presently returned, bearing a little dead kitten which had just been drowned. He then crept to the foot of the bank which overhung the burrow, and holding the dead kitten by its tail, lowered it into the hole. The ferret made an immediate spring at the prey which had made so opportune an arrival, and was jerked out of the burrow before it could loosen its hold."

The lad grasped the ferret across the body, but as he was lying in such a manner that he could only use his

left arm, the enraged animal began to bite his hand in the most furious manner. However, the young captor could not be induced to let the ferret escape, and with great presence of mind whirled the creature round with such rapidity that it was soon rendered almost senseless by giddiness, and gave him an opportunity of grasping it with his right hand. The ferret could not bite while thus held, and was borne triumphantly home, in spite of the wounds which had been inflicted on the hand. The bite of an enraged ferret is of a very severe character, and, probably in consequence of the nature of its food, is difficult to heal, and extremely painful."

Mr. Wood condescends to a pun on the skunk :

"The Skunk has obtained the unenviable reputation of being literally in worse odour than any other known animal."

Of this animal's peculiarity, Mr. Wood says :

"The scent proceeds from a liquid secretion which is formed in some glands near the insertion of the tail, and which can be retained or ejected at will. When the Skunk is alarmed, it raises its bushy tail into a perpendicular attitude, turns its back on its enemy, and ejects the nauseous liquid with some force. Should a single drop of this horrid secretion fall on the dress or the skin, it is hardly possible to relieve the tainted object of its disgusting influence. A dog, whose coat had suffered from a discharge of a Skunk's battery, retained the stench for so long a time that even after a week had elapsed it rendered a table useless by rubbing itself against one of the legs, although its fur had been repeatedly washed. The odour of this substance is so penetrating that it taints everything that may be near the spot on which it has fallen, and renders them quite unsalable. Provisions rapidly become uneatable, and clothes are so saturated with the vapour that they will retain the smell for several weeks, even though they are repeatedly washed and dried. It is said that if a drop of the odorous fluid should fall upon the eyes, it will deprive them of sight. Several Indians were seen by Mr. Gresham who had lost the use of their eyes from this cause."

*La Revue Indépendante* possesses an interesting article, entitled *Comme quoi la liberté de la Presse ne peut pas exister sous Napoléon III.*

*The Gentleman's Magazine* leads with a captivating article on the Mediaeval Architecture of Ireland.

*The Eclectic* for this month proves that Mary Howitt can be cruel. She says, in her "Sun Pictures" :

"That's my brother," said our host's daughter, coming in with the ham and eggs. 'He's the butcher. He is there, as you see him, in his Sunday dress. But that picture is not half so good as this,' said she, pointing to another photograph which hung on the opposite wall. 'Here he is in his butcher's dress. It is beautiful! there's blood on his apron, and a drop of blood on his cheek!'

And sitting down to breakfast, we admired the merciful ordination of Providence, which not only fits the back to the burden, but creates liking and pleasure out of the most revolting circumstances of life."

The anecdote is a cruel and an unnecessary narrative.

*The New Monthly* contains a very readable paper, entitled, "From Paris to London on Foot." Of course, the writer makes an exception with regard to the Channel. The narrative bears the impression of reality.

*Bentley's* contains the opening of a new tale of the seventeenth century, by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth; very accurate, but somewhat dry. The most satisfactory paper in the number is entitled "French Almanacs for 1860."

Part X. of *The English Cyclopædia* contains perhaps the most attractive and trustworthy history and considerations of the deaf and dumb and their education which has ever been penned.

#### MONTHLY CAUSERIES ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHAT has become of French society? Where are the *salons* now in which the traditions of Madame Geoffrin, Madame Necker, Mademoiselle de l'Esplanade, Madame d'Houdetot are preserved? Alas! nowhere; the *bourse* and the *boudoirs* of the *quartier Bréda* seem to be the only places of rendezvous for the *jeune France*, and surely in neither of these localities can lessons of morality, good breeding, or genuine politeness be learnt. Well, then, let us turn to the records of the past, and endeavour to realise what *la société polie* was twenty years ago.

In the history of literature, especially of French literature, what we may call drawing-room influence has always occupied a prominent place. Only thinking of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's Saturday evenings, and of Madame de Rambouillet's *chambre bleue*. To be able to write a fine sonnet, a passable



epic, a well-constructed tragedy, is no doubt a very great thing; but to keep a *salon* is quite as difficult, quite as meritorious. Just see what a number of qualities are required in the person who undertakes to gather around her, at stated times, a menagerie of "lions," a galaxy of celebrities. Tact, discrimination, the art of smoothing down asperities, and of blending together the most discordant elements—why, the duties of a diplomatist are slight in comparison. Madame Récamier was gifted with all the qualities necessary for the important functions we have just been describing, and accordingly we had long been wondering that, as yet, no record was extant of a lady, who, by her beauty, her generosity, and her sympathy for all that is truly great, will ever occupy a conspicuous place in the history of the present century. The two volumes lately compiled by Madame Lenormand (Madame Récamier's adopted daughter\*), will, to a certain extent, supply this deficiency; and although they are, according to our opinion, rather incomplete, they embody an amount of interesting details which must ensure to them much more than a transient amount of popularity.

The part of Madame Récamier's life which appears to us the most singular, the most characteristic, is that which corresponds to the Directoire, the Consulate, and the former half of the first empire. Married at an early age to a man for whom she could feel only a sentiment akin to filial affection, it is astonishing how she could escape the temptations by which she was peculiarly surrounded. Any person acquainted with the history of that singular epoch knows full well that the amount of corruption which then prevailed was equal, if not superior, to what historians tell us about the regency and the reign of Louis XV. Anything short of positive scandal was considered as perfectly justifiable, and all that was required amounted to mere external forms, what the French call *sauver les apparences*. Bonaparte, whose aim it was to rally around his government the persons of both sexes who exercised influence of any kind whatever, was particularly anxious to gain the good graces of Madame Récamier. The whole narrative connected with that transaction is extremely interesting; Fouché conveying to the fair one the Emperor's message, undertaking the most repulsive office that can be imagined, and imprudently insinuating that "*l'empereur n'a pas encore rencontré de femme digne de lui*." Bargains of this nature were then deemed the simplest thing in the world, and if even Caroline Bonaparte did not think it below her dignity to conduct such transactions, who would venture to be more scrupulous? We need scarcely say that Madame Récamier declined the honour of being "*la femme digne de lui*," and consequently brought down upon herself the full weight of an anger which was all the more intense because of her close friendship with another illustrious person, Madame de Staël. It is very provoking to be the ruler of a great empire, the commander of twenty legions, and to be constantly thwarted by the independence and the talent of two women; yet such was the destiny of Napoleon Bonaparte. He could not, despite all his power, shut up Madame Récamier's *salon* even as he had shut up the republican clubs; and although the petty annoyances devised by obsequious prefects and police officers were sometimes particularly vexatious, they produced no permanent result.

We shall not by any further remarks of our own attempt to describe a book which will no doubt command universal attention; we repeat that the work seems to us somewhat incomplete besides being perhaps a little one-sided; but this last defect will soon, in due course, find its correction, and other souvenirs or autobiographies will help by and bye the historian of the nineteenth century to add a few shades to the portrait of Madame Récamier. In the meanwhile, the very numerous and interesting letters inserted by the editor bring before us most of the distinguished personages, in every walk of life, who have rendered France illustrious since the beginning of the present century; and the connecting narrative, written with much

taste, supplies the additional information that can be required by the reader.

Amongst the *habitués* of Madame Récamier's *salons* at the Abbaye-aux-bois might often be found a singular-looking little man, short, stout, well-conditioned:

..... le teint frais et la bouche vermeille,

as Molière says of our friend Tartuffe. It was not Tartuffe, however, nor any member of that numerous family. Tartuffe never looked so frank, so kind-hearted, so good-natured; never wrote such brilliant articles for the *Figaro*; never signed Jules Janin or plain J. J. at the end of any *feuilleton*. What a task it must be to find something new to say regularly once a week to newspaper readers! to have to supply six columns of small pica, *no less volens*, even when town is empty, and when there is no other subject to discourse about but the "talking fish" and a dull play or two! And yet, look at Jules Janin; was he ever at a loss? and as the Monday comes round again would you as much as suspect, whilst admiring his brilliancy, his wit, his *entrain*, that for the last thirty years he has been at it as constantly as the printer's devil himself! Some people affect to despise *feuilleton*-literature. All we would say is this: read the articles which M. Jules Janin has just collected in this elegant little volume, under the title "*Critique, Portraits et Caractères contemporains*,"\* and say afterwards if it is such a very easy thing to produce even a collection of *feuilletons*. M. Sainte Beuve, M. Cuvillier Fleury, M. de Pontmartin are excellent critics; they discuss literary questions with much impartiality, and claim most legitimately the authority of competent and enlightened judges. But in our mind the only true *feuilletoniste* is Jules Janin; out of a trifle he will make a delicious article, he will turn to the best account a flower, a piece of ribbon, just as readily as a new book or a five-act comedy. To-day he chats on the talent of Mademoiselle Rachel; next week he will write one of his choicest papers on Madame Prevost, *marchande de bouquets* of the Palais Royal. Look for one single minute at the duodecimo now before us; what are the names associated in the brilliant gallery? Side by side with M. Villemain and Ary Scheffer, we find M. Moët, of champagne notoriety, and M. Gannal, the chymist. Nothing comes amiss to the *feuilletoniste*; we verily believe that M. Janin would make a *feuilleton* on Moses & Son, if he knew them. This style of literature is sneered at by some critics as frivolous and trifling; we would not judge it so severely. There is more talent required than people are aware of in the composition of a *feuilleton*; and we defy M. Nisard, for instance, the inveterate enemy of *la littérature facile*, to write anything half so amusing, and, at the same time, half so French, as the critiques of M. Jules Janin.

M. Victor Hugo's *Petites Epopeés*† and the *Révolutions Historiques*‡ which M. Louis Blanc has just published in French, after having given them first in an English dress, are too important to be disposed of in a mere paragraph; we shall, therefore, just mention them here, with the understanding that we purpose reverting to them singly and separately at a very early opportunity. The events of the late war, and the crisis through which Italy is now passing, have suggested to M. Marc Monnier a volume which, if not remarkable for its originality, nor containing any new details, is full of amusing anecdotes, and sometimes of eloquent passages. § M. Marc Monnier supposes the question asked, whether "Italy is the land of the dead?" and he answers it negatively in a series of chapters, forming a complete panegyric of the peninsula. There is little connection between the various divisions of the book; here we have the appreciation of a writer; there a description or an anecdote; yet these notes from a traveller's journal find their unity in

the prevailing thought which guides the author's pen: Italy must revive from the tomb! M. Marc Monnier, who so recently journeyed through that unfortunate country, tells us that not only its literature, but its language is undergoing a radical change. The various dialects are gradually disappearing; the *patois* of Bologna, Venice, Milan, and Naples will soon give way before the Italian language—the language of a people restored to their nationality. Some of the peculiar characteristics of local usages and customs have also yielded to the influence of politics,—no wonder. When Garibaldi is marshalling his legions, and Victor Emmanuel is revolutionising the whole country, who can find a minute to enjoy the *lazzi* of Brighello or Stentorello, the jokes of Meo Patacca, or the pretty songs of Signor Dall' Ongro? The only literature that Italians relish just now is that which is contained in the newspapers, or the proclamations issued at Turin.

Of course the reader who opens M. Monnier's book will rush at once in quest of the chapter which treats of Garibaldi: "*Son histoire*," says the Frenchman, "*est une légende, et nul ne la connaît tout entière: celui qui voudra l'écrire sera traité de Marco Saint-Hilaire ou d'Alexandre Dumas. Jamais roman de chevalerie, jamais drame espagnol n'a entassé plus d'aventures impossibles sur une scène aussi large et autour d'un homme aussi fantastiquement fabuleux.*" After so taking a paragraph, we feel somewhat provoked at not finding more anecdotes about Garibaldi, even though the writer in relating them should have incurred the suspicion of drawing upon the credulity of his hearers. On Mazzini he has still less to say.

In a few years, however, all these worthies will have their historian; Gioberti, Ansonio Franchi, d'Azeglio, and many others will be recorded, together with the gallant *condottiere* and the republican agitator, as the heroes of modern Italy. The writer to whose lot devolves the care of describing this wonderful revolution must needs keep a chapter for the clever and elegant journalist who in the celebrated pamphlet *La Question Romaine*, has so thoroughly exposed the rottenness of a system now on the verge of dissolution. We have already expressed our opinion that a problem so intricate, so solemn, so momentous, as the one of the Papacy is not to be dealt with by a pun or a quibble, but at the same time we must acknowledge that M. About's descriptions are both graphic and by no means overdrawn. Indeed, the only objection his adversaries have to oppose to him is that reforms are needed quite as much in other countries as in Rome. M. About has just published a new preface to his work,\* a preface which deserves special notice on account of the admirable portrait it contains of a man who has become as great as scandal could make him, the *réducteur en chef* of the *Univers Religieux*, M. Louis Veuillot. We cannot quote the entire piece, but the following extract is characteristic: "*Le talent de M. Veuillot se compose d'intolérance et d'impudence. . . . Il s'est élevé au-dessus de ses complices en catechisant les douairières dans le patois des laquais, en recopiant Joseph de Maistre avec la plume du père Duchêne. C'est un Bossuet de la rue Monfétard, un Saint-Jean-Baptiste de l'égoût.*"

Such is the man with whom M. Lacordaire and M. Dupanloup are now associated in their defence of the temporal power of the Pope!

Whilst the political events which are now occupying the attention of Europe suggest a still increasing number of brochures, pamphlets, and other *ouvrages de circonstance*, we must not forget productions of a more serious and permanent character. Thus M. Aubry's "*Trésor des Pièces Rares ou Inédites*," already so interesting as a collection of *analecta curiosa*, has become still more valuable by the publication of a sixteenth volume, containing an account of the endeavours made by King Henry IV. of France to seduce the Princess de Condé.† The victor of Ivry and Arques was

\* Préface nouvelle de la Question Romaine. Par E. About. Fifth Edition. 8vo. (Bruxelles: Meline.)

† L'enlèvement innocent, ou la retraite clandestine de Monseigneur le Prince, etc. Publié d'après le MS. de la Bibliothèque Impériale. Par E. Halphen. 12mo. (Paris. A. Aubry.)

\* Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des papiers de Madame Récamier. 2 vols. 8vo. (Paris: Michel Lévy.)

\* Jules Janin: Critique, Portraits et Caractères contemporains. 12° (Paris: L. Hachette. Collections Hetzel.)

† La Légende des Sécules (les petites épopées). Par Victor Hugo. 2 vols. 8vo. (Paris: Michel Lévy.)

‡ Révolutions Historiques. Par Louis Blanc. 2 vols. 12mo. (Bruxelles: Méline.)

§ L'Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts? Par Marc Monnier. 12mo. (Paris: L. Hachette.)



a clever politician, and on the whole a great ruler; but his moral character will not bear close inspection, and the history of his passion for Charlotte de Montmorency is one of the most disgraceful episodes in the tale of his life. M. E. Halphen has reprinted in the "Trésor des Pièces" the curious narrative given by Claude Enoch Virey, the secretary of the Prince de Condé, and the prolegomena he has added contain a full account of all the circumstances connected with this affair.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adam Bede, by George Eliot, 7th ed. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.  
Almanach de Gotha, 1860, 32mo. 5s.  
Bayley (Mrs.), Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them, 3rd ed. 12mo. 6s. 6d.  
Beaumont (J. W.), Pathology and Treatment of Consumption, 2nd ed. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Blind Man's Holiday: Short Tales for the Nursery, by Author of "Min and Charlie," 16mo. 3s. 6d.  
Boardman (W. E.), The Higher Christian Life, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Brewer (W.), Jesuitism: a Review of the Comte Montalembert, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Brigard (C. W.), Solitary Musings; and other Poems, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Cockburn (H.), Memorials of his Time, 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Cousins (C.), Life of, in Short Words, by Sarah Crompton, 16mo. 1s. and 2s. 6d.  
Cotton (G.), Christian Victory over Evil; a Sermon, 8vo. 1s.  
Cunningham (J.), Church History of Scotland, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.  
Devonshire Pedigree, as recorded in the Herald's Visitation, 1629, Parts 1 and 2, 4th ed. 5s. each.  
Dibdin (T. C.), Guide to Water-Colour Painting, 4to. 6 parts, 6s. each.  
Dickinson (W.), Glossary of the Words and Phrases of Cumberland, 12mo. 2s.  
Drury (A. H.), Misrepresentation, 2 Vols., post 8vo. 18s.  
East and West, and other Poems, by L. J. S., 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Ellis (W. S.), Hurstpierpoint, its Lords and Families, 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
Familiar History of British Birds, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Farrar (F. W.), Eric, or Little Red, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.  
Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio, new ed. complete, post 8vo. 5s.  
Fisher (E. H.), Gotha and the Saxe-Coburg, post 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
Fothergill (W.), All Hallows Eve, a Legend of Llanandwrn, 18mo. 1s.  
Greenwood (J. B.), Early Ecclesiastical History of Dewsbury, 8vo. 5s.  
Hinton (J. H.), On Redemption, Eleven Lectures, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
History of a Quarter of a Century, by Mrs. C. C., 12mo. 6d. and 1s.  
History of Major Smalls and his Wives, 12mo. 2s.  
History of Roman Literature. Edited by Rev. H. Thompson, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Hollisworth (W. A.), Handy Book of Parish Law, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Ideals of the Heart, by A. L. O. E., 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Jacobs (F.), Latin Reader. Part 1. 18th ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Johns (C. A.), Birds of the Woods and Fields, 18mo. 1s.  
Kelle (J.), The Christian Year, 62nd ed. 18mo. 6s.  
Keith (A.), Evidence of the Truth of Christian Religion, 37th ed. 8vo. 12s. 6d.  
Kitchen (W.), Cook's Oracle, new ed. 12mo. 5s.  
Lady's Illustrated Almanack, 1860, 4s. 1s.  
Lady's Own Book, an Intellectual, Moral, and Physical Monitor, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Lang (J.), Botany Bay, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Lathbury (T.), History of Book of Common Prayer, 2nd ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Lee (W.), Funeral Orator of Pericles in English Rhyme, 8vo. 1s.  
Leighton (R.), Works, with Life, 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Lever (S.), Metric and Rhythmic Exercises, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Lyon (E. R.), Dramatic Works, 12mo. 6s.  
Lytton (E. B.), Poetical Works, 12mo. 7s. 6d.  
Maclean (R. H.), Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of T. O. Swinburn, 12mo. 10s. 6d.  
McKean (M.), Lessons on Trees, in Water-Colours, folio, 21s.  
Maitland (S.), Remarks of Works of J. S. Freer, 8vo. 1s.  
Manual of Greek and Roman Philosophy, post 8vo. 4s.  
Mariani Daily Text-Book, 2nd ed. 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
Merkel (C.), Bible Histories of Our Lord Jesus Christ, 4to. 18s.  
Montalembert (Comte), Fie IX. et La France en 1819 et en 1859, 8vo. 2s.  
Moore (T.), British Fens, new ed. 12mo. 1s.  
Sancery Poetry, by Mrs. Mather, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
O'Brien's Naval Annual, 1860, 12mo. 1s.  
Our Trip to Egypt, by Author of "The Better Way," 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Pictorial Book of Ancient Italian Poetry, 8vo. 14s.  
Pinnock (W. H.), Clerical Papers on Church and Parish Matters, No. 3, 12mo. 1s.  
Prince (S. J.), Power of Prayer, new ed. 12mo. 1s.  
Proper Names of Old Testament, 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Punch's Pocket-Book for 1860, 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
Pusey (E. B.), Nine Sermons before University of Oxford, 8vo. 5s.  
Ramsay (E. B.), Diversities of Faults in Christian Beliefs, 12mo. 6s. 6d.  
Reid (Captain), Boy Tar; or, Voyage in the Dark, 12mo. 7s.  
Schiller's Life and Works, by E. Pallaske, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.  
Schmidt (Z. A.), German Guide, 3rd Course, 12mo. 1s. 6d. Key; 2s.  
Spectator (T.), with Biographical Notices, 8vo. 8s. 6d.  
St. John (J.), Undercurrents; a Story of our Day, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Sussex Archaeological Collections, Vol. 11, 8vo. 14s.  
Thoughts in Verse for Christian Children, 18mo. 9d.  
Todd's Complete Works, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Transactions of Zoological Society, Vol. 4, Part 6, 4to. 21s.  
Triumphs of Perseverance, new ed. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Tyroise Patriots of 1809, 12mo. 4s.  
Tupper, or, the Autobiography of a Donkey, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Wagner (G.), Children's Temptations, 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
Wheeler (J.), Analysis and Summary of New Testament History, 4th ed. 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
Wilkinson (J.), History of Broughton Gifford, Wilts, 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Wordsworth (C.), Sermon, Elijah an Example for England, 8vo. 1s.  
Wright (M.), Anchor of Hope, New Testament Stories for Children, 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
Wright (T.), Sources of English History, a Lecture, 12mo. 1s.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A CONSIDERABLE feeling in favour of Schiller seems to be widely spreading. An English life of the great German has just appeared, a Schiller Festival has taken place with éclat at the Crystal Palace, and now we learn that the people of Manchester are about to found a Schiller Institute. It is to be a German literary and scientific institution, and it will, as the title implies, "have a purely literary, artistic, scientific, and social stamp, and be essentially German in its character, cultivating those intellectual qualities which are distinctive of their German nationality, and which every truly patriotic mind must desire to maintain and develop, even when residing permanently in another

land; and also to reciprocate the advantages they receive from the cosmopolitan hospitality of England, furnishing to the English themselves, and others, more direct means for becoming acquainted with the language, the literature, the art, and the science of Germany." The institution will comprise a library and reading-room, the delivery of lectures, and the formation of separate societies for promoting various literary, scientific, and artistic interests. The committee have wisely determined that the locality shall be in the centre of the town, and that, before proceeding with its permanent establishment, there shall be raised, by donations and life members, inclusive of any surplus arising from the Schiller Festival, the sum of 1000*l.*, and that there shall be at least 150 annual subscribers.

We have received a letter asserting that Miss Martineau has, in a measure, pirated ideas in her capital papers now publishing in *Once a Week*. Our correspondent says:—"Miss Martineau certainly borrows ideas without acknowledgment; for this, of course, there is no literary tribunal, because it is admitted that authors are at liberty to extract their views from what source they please, so long as they dress them up in a garb which shall distinguish them and give them some appearance of novelty; literary works are common property in that sense, but let anyone read Miss Martineau's papers on 'Swimming,' 'Wet-nursing,' &c., and compare them with the tracts published on the same subjects by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, and form their own opinion. I make no complaint that Miss Martineau writes on these subjects, the more they are ventilated the better, but I do complain that she makes no reference whatever to the tracts which have evidently furnished her with the subject-matter for her 'papers'; She might pay a graceful compliment to the Association without detracting from the value of her own papers—on the contrary it would enhance them."

Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson are about to sell by auction the library of the late Mr. George Biggs, the successful originator of the *Family Herald*. Mr. Biggs was a self-made man. A compositor in Galigan's printing-office, he gradually but surely saved that money with which he commenced the publication of the *Family Herald*, a species of publication quite new to the public when Mr. Biggs's venture first saw the light. In these days a penny journal, to be successful, requires a commencing capital of many thousands; at the period when the first number of Mr. Biggs's penny journal saw the light, all the capital required was sufficient money to pay for printing and paper. It must be said of the *Family Herald* that it is the purest reading of all purely amusing penny literature; it is, indeed, a family paper. Mr. Biggs realised a great fortune by its weekly sale; and, upon his death he, being childless, left the greater part of his property, sworn under 70,000*l.*, to those with whom he had associated in the early and struggling portion of his career.

The expression "what mighty deeds from small things take their rise," was never better illustrated than in the case of the collected edition of Mr. De Quincey's works. We have the tale from "one who knows—" who actually played a part in the affair. The members of a great American publishing firm were struck with the idea that a complete edition of De Quincey would be a profitable publication; consequently, a communication was forwarded to Edinburgh and to the author, asking him upon what terms he would allow the American firm to publish this proposed collected edition. Time went on, and no answer crossed the Atlantic. Yet more time elapsed, and then the American publishers despatched an envoy to England. Arrived in the presence of the author of "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater," the ambassador stated his case. "Oh," said De Quincey, "I may have received your offer, but as I never read letters of which I do not know the handwriting, you perceive I could not consider your proposal, which is a good idea—a very good idea." So good, that an English collected edition of De Quincey's works was immediately commenced.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, November 9th.

I AM bound to say that insensible as these people are to what we should call the events of public life, they do feel that there is something absurd in all these pursuits of review articles and pamphlets. Now, it is probable, that in the same week the Parisians will be edified by an action brought by the government against M. de Montalembert for upholding the papal authorities, and against M. About for attacking them! and all this really enters into the Imperial system of "compensations," under which no living being is safe, not more its own creatures than anybody else. Here is M. About, who, after his disgrace at the *Figaro* two years ago, was sent by M. Fould to Rome, well recommended, and "introduced" to all the French functionaries, and who, at the positive instigation of the Minister of State, writes a book in which, in the middle of some few falsehoods, he tells a great amount of truth touching the doings of the papal government. Well, when M. About has published the book he has, you may see, been ordered by the French authorities to write, he finds himself disavowed by them at once, and his book seized, suppressed, and legally pursued. It is true this was only done after the sale of the book had been winked at for some time, and it is also true that whatever expense (fine, costs, &c.) M. About may be put to, will be given to him by his friends at the Ministry of State. Still, to the mass of the public, this proves nothing. For the larger mass of the Parisian public, and for all the public of the provinces, the case remains thus: M. About is pursued for having abused the Pope, and M. de Montalembert is equally and at the same moment pursued for having defended him! Now, to the plain, downright common sense of ordinary people, there is something vastly confusing in all this. They are as confused about it as the Italians and Austrians are about Central Italy. In either circumstance there are two irreconcilable lines of conduct, which two are to be reconciled, "q.e.d." about as easy to do as to make "two straight lines" enclose a "space."

The whole is indeed so supremely ridiculous that there are a few persons connected with the *entourage* of the Court who say that the government will give up the pursuit altogether, and I can, upon irrefutable authority, state that up to the present hour neither the editor of the *Correspondant*, nor the writer of the incriminated article, M. de Montalembert himself, has received any legal notice whatever of the proceedings. The manly and dignified attitude pursued by the *Times*, in its leader of the 4th inst. (in which it disclaims for England the "protection" of despotism), has made a sort of sensation here, and among the few people who read English (and who talk to others of what they have read), there is a strong feeling of approbation and a movement of admiration, in spite of themselves, for a country which can afford to be so proudly liberal. It is so very seldom any Frenchman allows any merit to us, that I will not let this pass by unnoticed. I have been struck by the way in which, among even Bonapartists, men allude to this leader of the *Times*, and say: "you certainly are a very odd set!" but "odd," here, unmistakably masks the word "great," which they will not pronounce.

I hear, from persons who were mixed in the gaieties of Compiègne last week, that nothing more mortally dull can be imagined. They say it is duller even than usual, duller than it has been in other years, because freedom of speech is even more impossible than before. No allusion is allowed to be made to the Italian war, either on one side or on the other; whether by "Austrians," or what are termed here, the "Italianissimes." No mention must be made of Rome or the Pope, or any question that might be turned into an ecclesiastical discussion; and no allusion is to be made to the so-called "great world" in order that Prince and Princess Metternich (who are the chief pre-occupation of the Empress and the "Court circle") may not be led into perceiving that no name of any distinction is to be found amongst

the guests of Napoleon III. Of course, all this limits conversation singularly, and, with the small instruction of the Empress, and the taciturnity of the Emperor, what is called the "flow of conversation" is somewhat heavy. Each day somewhere about sixty or seventy persons sit down to breakfast and dinner, but "next neighbours" talk lowly to each other, and as to "gaiety," there is not a notion of anything of the kind.

A weekly newspaper has had rather a happy idea: that, namely, of republishing a letter written in 1836 by Henriette Sontag to the (then) director of the Italian Opera here, modestly asking whether she may be allowed to have "a gown already worn" from the wardrobe of the theatre in order to arrange it in her own way for the last scene of the *Cenerentola*, in which she appears as a princess! In the face of the exorbitant demands of modern actresses, and of the mad sums wasted upon their toilettes, it has seemed opportune to place that proof of humility of an *artiste* who was one of the most eminent of the present age. Only the other day the trifling matter of 200*l.* was spent by a theatre in Paris upon two costumes, and it is quite an ordinary proceeding now on the part of "*ces Dames*" of the Théâtre Français, for instance, to require dresses that cost 500 or 800, or even 1000 francs, and here we have La Sontag, some four-and-twenty years back, humbly asking, in the very zenith of her splendour, whether she may have old gowns belonging to the theatre "done up" for one of her most celebrated parts! This ought, but probably will not be, a lesson to the peacock-like dames of the contemporary French stage who, like Juno's pet bird, go flaunting through the world, and so long as they can spread out their gaudy plumes, care nothing at all for their other deficiencies.

An interesting ceremony is in a few days to take place in Paris, as in almost every other capital in Europe. I allude to the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth. The people here in Paris who know anything of Schiller beyond his name (and a vast number never even heard that) are so incredibly few, that it is only a limited number who comment upon the fact of "celebrating" anything connected with a man, one of the ruling passions of whose life was the true Saxon hatred of the Gaul. If ever France was more execrated by one man than by any other, that man was Schiller; and in this respect, undoubtedly poor Theodore Körner, who died in 1813, for the sacred cause of German freedom, proved himself the true descendant of the glorious author of *Don Carlos* and *Wilhelm Tell*.

But of this the super-ignorant Parisians know nothing, and they will go and applaud hymns to Schiller as they would cantatas to Napoleon the First, the Third, or any other famous individual—"famous," no matter for what.

I attended on Sunday the rehearsal of this festival, which is to be held at the Cirque Meyerbeer, at the request of the committee, has composed for the occasion a splendid chorus, and one of the very finest marches it is possible to hear. There is a feeling of triumph in this latter composition that is quite indescribable. A person of my acquaintance said to the great *maître*, "If you had had to write that for some royal marriage or other Court ceremony, would it, do you think, have been as fine?" Meyerbeer's reply was, "Certainly not. I am here serving not a sovereign, but a sovereign idea, which surpasses all things."

Amongst other curiosities, there is one I should imagine will have but a mediocre interest for the French public. Dawson, the present most celebrated actor in Germany, will recite an ode, and declaim the monologue of *Posa* in *Don Carlos*. The German public in this town being principally composed of bootmakers and bookbinders, and the upper classes of the race being scarcely represented at all, I am somewhat at a loss to understand what the audience will be composed of, for—I repeat it—the Parisians will hardly find an interest in these Teutonic outpourings of enthusiasm. Meyerbeer's music will do something, no doubt, but that is all that can have any attraction. It is very unjust to have cast upon the Prince-Regent

of Prussia any suspicion of liberalism, because of the torchlight procession on the Schiller Festival. The plain fact is, that whilst the suffering, half-lucid king, remains in Berlin, his brother fears any too strong emotion for him; and that a noisy night-commemoration of the species that German students indulge in on these occasions might have recalled to his troubled mind the fearful scenes of 1848, and caused to him incalculable danger. This, and this alone, was the reason of the refusal of the Berlin authorities which has caused so much surprise.

The first *fête* that will be given here is a public ball, which is to take place on the 10th of next month, and the proceeds whereof are to be devoted to the artists' fund of the Grand Opéra. The lottery, which is to accompany the rest of the entertainment, will, it is said, be magnificent. The Emperor gives a very fine vase, made of gold and silver mixed, and set round with precious stones. The Duke of Saxe-Cobourg is to send something, which the people who are taking tickets say they "only hope will not be an opera of his own composition!" The King of Denmark is also to give an "object of art or luxury," as the phrase runs here, and all the artists in Paris promise to contribute. George Sand has given a fable in prose; Juques is to give a drawing; Corot, a landscape in oils; and Rossini, a piece of music. To be sure, the way in which these things are "got up" is curious. The court manages to oblige everybody belonging to it, male or female, young or old, to give their money to these charities, so that in fact it is a regular fixed "contribution," and the "charity," instead of being at the expense of the highest functionary in the state, who has attributed to himself heaven knows how many millions for the purpose of, as he says, "doing good upon a vast scale," is in reality at the expense of all the subordinate placemen and red-tapists, who know it is as much as their places are worth not to lay down their money for all the charity concerts, balls, and other entertainments, to which they are "requested" or "invited" (a polite periphrasis for "bidden") to subscribe. It has always been one of the drawbacks to Paris society in the "season," that tickets of the kind I speak of were forced upon you by private friends, but this becoming an organised system of taxation by the court is something new and intolerable.

## ARCHÆOLOGY.

### TREASURE TROVE IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of "THE LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—As my name has been introduced in a letter signed "Ogygia," which appeared in *Saunders's News-Letter* of Friday, the 28th ult., allow me to offer a few observations thereon. What is stated about the Carlow Armilla is perfectly true. They were purchased by Mr. Donegan, who, with his usual desire to secure to the country our native antiquities, was good enough to lend them to me before he offered them for sale; and when I had them restored (for they were all twisted together) the Committee of Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy, upon the recommendation of Dr. Petrie and myself, purchased four of them at the price stated. Thanks to the kind interest of Dr. O'Meara, of Carlow, and the Rev. Mr. Gorman, C.C., of Castledermot, I procured the history of their discovery, and it will be found in the printed Proceedings of the Academy for the 10th March last. With respect to the question of the "twenty-seven thousand pounds" worth of antique manufactured gold, found in the neighbourhood of Athlone or elsewhere, I have only to say that, as the year when it occurred, the circumstances attending its discovery, or the names of the Dublin jewellers who made the purchase have not been stated, I am unable to offer any decided opinion on the subject. That the peasantry finding treasure might, for obvious reasons, forward it to England rather than dispose of it at home, I can readily believe; but as every Jew and jeweller in London who buys this gold at about 3*l.* 10*s.* an ounce—if so much—is just as well aware of its antiquarian value as I am, I can scarcely think that any large quantity of gold antiques worthy of preservation find their way into the melting-pot. In furtherance, however, of Mr. Clibbens's views I will relate a circumstance concerning a "Gold Find" that has just occurred, and which should, I think, be made generally known. About three or four months ago a magnificent gold fibula, originally weighing perhaps ten ounces, was found in the county Tipperary. As two persons, neither of whom knew its value, were unhappily concerned in the discovery, an attempt was made to divide the spoil by cutting the article across with a hand saw, by which means nearly a pound's worth of gold must have been lost. The ends were then battered off, and one of them made into a ferrule for "a blackthorn." Subsequently the body of the article was sold to one gold-

smith in Clonmel, and the ends to another. These persons it seems could not come to any arrangement as to the possession of the whole, but the major portion was lent for exhibition to the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, on the 6th of July last, where it was described by the Rev. J. Graves, in the Proceedings of that most industrious body; but unfortunately no model was made of it, or any accurate drawing taken of the ornamentation. In the beginning of August a gentleman interested in archaeology brought the article to Dublin, and left it at Mr. West's, where I had an opportunity of examining it. In shape it resembled those magnificent antique gold ornaments so frequently found in Ireland, each consisting of a pair of discs, united upon their convex sides by a massive curved portion, not unlike the handle of a chest of drawers. The largest of these yet found in Ireland is in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, the second largest is in Trinity College, and, so far as I know, this specimen from Clonmel must have been the third in size. What rendered it particularly interesting to any person conversant with the forms of early Irish art was the amount and character of engraved ornamentation round the edges of the discs, and also where the handle-shaped bar sprung from their convexities. Mr. West and I both agreed as to the propriety of having this portion at least of the article preserved, although we greatly regretted the saw-cut and the rude battering which the ends had received. Having occasion to start for Scandinavia a few days afterwards, I heard nothing more of it until I lately made inquiry at Mr. West's, where I learned that it had been returned to the owner, who had refused 3*l.* 10*s.* an ounce for it. I then wrote to a friend in Clonmel about it, when to my chagrin I was informed that it had been recently sold to a Dublin trader for 3*l.* 8*s.* an ounce, and goods taken in exchange. Upon inquiry my disappointment was rendered still greater on learning that it had been melted down just a few weeks ago in William Street, in the city; and so the shape and ornamentation of this beautiful article, perhaps, two thousand years old, has been lost for ever. Still I hoped that I might have learned something of the ornamentation from the fragment remaining in the hands of the Clonmel trader, and so, through my friend there, I requested the loan of it for exhibition at the Royal Irish Academy, and in order to have a drawing made of it. What was the patriotic answer of this Tipperary man? That I could only have it by paying for it at the rate of 5*l.* an ounce! Comment upon the foregoing circumstances is quite unnecessary. On the other hand, let me adduce an instance which also occurred within the last few months. A man moulding potatoes in a field between Enfield and Carberry, county Kildare, turned up in the furrow several thin pieces of bright metal of a semicircular shape. While collecting them his dog started a hare from the adjoining corn-ridge, and in giving chase he says he dropped much of the treasure. However, he threw the remainder into his ass' cart, together with a lot of animals' bones discovered along with them, and trudged home in the evening. On his way he says he sold some to a "gather-em-up" for tobacco. At all events he was found by one of the family of a neighbouring proprietor late in the evening of that or the next day, sitting on the adjoining bridge, with a large pair of scissors, cutting "piz-rings" from one of these flat pieces of metal. They were then carried up to the "big house," and the lady of the manor brought them to Dublin next day, and showed them to Dr. Croker, who at once accompanied her to the Academy, where they were found to be fragments of antique gold ornaments of considerable value, particularly on account of their decorative character, and 4*l.* per ounce was sent to the happy finder. A few evenings subsequently some members of the Academy accompanied me to the spot where they were found, and where we learned all the particulars respecting their discovery, which I have since laid before the Academy. A few years ago a discovery of many hundred pounds' worth of gold ornaments occurred in making the railway near Newmarket-on-Fergus. What the workmen who turned them were paid I cannot with certainty state, but I believe it was very little. A monied man in the neighbourhood was very anxious to get the bulk of the collection for, I have heard, about 30*s.* an ounce, and bringing it to the Bank of Ireland, at once received from the governor at that time the high price of 5*l.* an ounce, besides a *douceur* for his trouble. Other portions were purchased by the Rev. Dr. Todd and Dr. Fleming. A subscription was immediately set on foot among the members of the Royal Irish Academy to procure a portion of this collection, and when it amounted to a certain sum the government added an equivalent, and so we purchased 300*l.* worth. To be sure we had to pay a very high price for some, because it could not be expected that the gentleman who acted so liberally and energetically in the first instance should be allowed to suffer any loss upon the transaction. The Academy paid only 5*l.* 8*s.* an ounce on the whole. To go further back—the entire gold collection of the Academy was purchased by the whole museum, was collected in 1839 by the purchase of two magnificent torques, found at Tara—the finest of their kind in Europe—from Mr. West, at the rate of 5*l.* an ounce. They had remained in his establishment, and that of his predecessors, for nearly fifty years, so that he cannot be said to have turned a penny upon them; on the contrary, the country owes him much for their preservation. The much the same may be said of their contribution among the members. Since then many other valuable gold articles have been purchased, and chiefly by private contributions, so that I may say our present collection has been made altogether by the individual exertions of a few members of the Royal Irish Academy. I wish it could be made generally known throughout the country, especially among the peasantry, that there is a place to which they can send their ancient gold can go in Dawson Street, Dublin, and there learn the value of his discovery, and possibly receive more than the standard value of gold for it. I say possibly, because in the present state of the funds of the only Irish

Institution  
our antiqu  
at the disp  
an article  
those we e  
Academy  
sore, find  
country of  
presume, i  
is chiefly  
we do not  
more than  
value of  
trust this  
the count  
the gen  
clergy, if  
There is  
indeed, I  
willing to  
lately ma  
purpose o  
antiquiti  
tory to th  
logue of t  
by the Ac  
the same  
yet in al  
relates to  
perty of t  
this rem  
intrinsic  
more for  
state of  
peasanti  
servic  
way to th  
of precis  
made.  
Kaiser n  
value, to  
per cent  
also the  
beautiful  
holm.  
found m  
forthcom  
quarian  
then ar  
ent fun  
particu  
to prob  
Talbot  
indebit  
a bill of  
good ed  
my car  
to mak  
for ear  
permis  
any su  
disco  
favour  
make  
this s  
obliga  
Irish  
stand  
disav  
were  
are, a  
differ  
the a  
of all  
runs  
have  
There  
that  
We l  
now  
fact,  
othe  
such  
And  
Roy  
1,  
Mon  
Tri  
W



Institution chartered for the preservation and study of our antiquities, from 500, to 1000, a year is all that is placed at the disposal of the Committee of Antiquities. Still, if an article in good preservation, but similar to some of those we already possess, were presented, and that the Academy did not purchase it, Mr. Clibborn would, I am sure, find a buyer for it at a fair value, either in this country or in England. The British Museum would, I presume, gladly receive the native gold collection (which is chiefly Irish), by purchasing any good specimens that we do not require. But the British Museum will not give more than a fair antiquarian price above the standard value of gold—3*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* per ounce. At all events, I trust this letter may be made generally known throughout the country, and that through the influence of the press, the gentry, the police, and above all the Roman Catholic clergy, this knowledge may be widely disseminated. There is not, I am sure, a respectable jeweller in Ireland; indeed, I know there is not one in Dublin; who is not willing to assist in the furtherance of this object. I have lately made a tour through Scandinavia, chiefly for the purpose of inspecting the splendid collections of national antiquities in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, preparatory to the appearance of the second portion of the catalogue of our museum, with which I have been entrusted by the Academy. In no one of these collections is there the same quantity of gold as in the Royal Irish Academy; yet in all these countries one of the most ancient laws relates to treasure trove. Whatever is found is the property of the State. For a long time, as it may be supposed, this remained a dead letter, until the venerable Thomsen, of Copenhagen, induced the King not only to give the intrinsic value of everything found, but to pay something more for its artistic value in rareness, ornamentation, or state of preservation. Thus a reward is offered to the country for the care with which such things are preserved. By this means everything discovered finds its way to that museum, and it is penal to conceal the finding of precious metals, or to dispose of them in any other mode. The same law exists in Norway, where Professor Kaiser always gives a liberal reward, besides the intrinsic value, to the finder; and so also in Sweden, where twelve per cent. above the standard value of gold is given; hence the facility with which Hildebrand has collected the beautiful specimens of gold in the noble Museum in Stockholm. Yet with all this, I believe the amount of gold found in Ireland during the present century would, if now forthcoming, considerably exceed that of all the antiquarian museums in Europe, except those of Rome. How then are we to act respecting our native treasures, without funds at our disposal to purchase, knowledge and patriotism on the part of the people to preserve, or a law to prohibit their destruction? Some short time ago, Lord Talbot de Malahide, to whom archaeology is so much indebted, both in this country and in England, introduced a bill of "Treasure Trove" into the "Lords," and was good enough to entrust the clause relating to Ireland to my care. As that bill was not pressed, it is unnecessary to make further allusion to it, or the machinery proposed for carrying out its provisions, but I have his lordship's permission to state that it is now before the Treasury. In any such law the difficulty will be to decide between the absolute finder and the person on whose property the discovery is made. For the sake of archaeology, I am in favour of the finder, but I dare say the lawyers would make a different distribution. Suppose for a moment that all antique manufactured gold found in Ireland was obliged to be brought to a certain place—say the Royal Irish Academy—where the finder would be entitled to the standard price of gold, with something more (as in Scandinavia) for the antiquarian value of the article. By this means, when articles were presented, if such there ever are, which might be considered duplicates of those we already possess, they could be sent to the British Museum; or even, if melted, the only loss which the country would sustain would be two or three shillings per ounce—the difference between the standard value and that given for the article, and varying according to the purity or amount of alloy in the gold, which in most of our Irish specimens runs from nineteen to twenty-one carats fine, and some have been assayed that rose to twenty-three carats. There never was a gold ornament offered to the Academy that a subscription could not be got up for its purchase. We hear of great quantities of Irish antique gold being now in London and about to be melted. If such is the fact, I can only say, more fool the melters, for I and others are ready to deal liberally with the owners of any such articles. In conclusion, let me entreat the gold finder to communicate with Edward Clibborn, Esq., Royal Irish Academy, Dawson Street, Dublin.—I am,

1, Merrion Square, Nov. 1, 1859. W. R. WILDE.

## SCIENTIFIC.

## MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- Mon. Royal Geographical Society,** 8*p.m.* 1. "Discoveries by the late Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and Party, &c." by Capt. McClintock, R.N. 2. "Sun Signals for the Use of Travellers (*Hæmo-Heliostat*)," by Francis Galton, Esq.
- Tues. Institution of Civil Engineers,** 8*p.m.* "Description of the Government Waterworks, Trafalgar Square," by Mr. C. E. Amos, M.I.C.E.
- Statistical Society,** 8*p.m.* 1. "On the Recent Statistics of Prussia," by Sir F. H. Goldsmid, Bart. 2. "On German Railways," by M. Wilhelm Lazarus.
- Wed. Meteorological Society,** 1. "On the Practical Importance of Meteorology," by the President, T. Sopwith, F.R.S. 2. "On the Meteorology of the Current Year," by J. Glaisher, F.R.S.

- THURS. Linnean Society,** 8*p.m.* 1. "On a new kind of Butter Tree from West Africa," by M. Caruel. 2. "On New South American *Utricularia* from Prof. Jameson and Mr. Spruce," by Mr. Oliver. 3. "Memoir on the *Crescentiacea*," by Dr. Seemann. — **Royal Society.** "Report of Scientific Researches made during the late Arctic Expedition of the Yacht *Fox*," by Capt. McClintock, R.N.

**GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.**—At the meeting of the Geologists' Association held on Monday evening, Nov. 7, at No. 5, Cavendish Square, the Rev. T. Wiltshire, M.A., F.G.S., President, in the chair, Mr. Cresy read the continuation of his paper on the Echinodermata of the chalk. At the previous meeting he dwelt with considerable detail on the characteristics of the order Echinoidea, and the relative value of external organs in classifications—thus the structure of ambulacra and poriferous zones for grouping the genera into natural families; the form, number, and arrangement of the tubercles and spines, and the miliary granulation giving generic characteristics; and the minute details of the plates, the arrangement of the pores in zones, and the sculpture of the plates, giving good specific differences. In the second part of the paper Mr. Cresy proceeded to describe the characteristics of the several genera comprised in the families Cidaridae, Diademidae, Echinidae, Seleniidae, Echinoconidae, Echinobussidae, Clypeasteridae, Echinomidae, Echinocoridae, and Spatangidae. A large collection of drawings, showing the peculiarities of these several families and genera were exhibited, and also specimens lent for the occasion by the President and several members of the Association. This paper is of considerable value, inasmuch as Mr. Cresy has brought together, in a compendious form, information which hitherto could only be obtained by reference to a number of works, many of which are rare or expensive, and beyond the reach of ordinary students.

**ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Tuesday, Nov. 8, John Gould, Esq., V.P., F.R.S., in the chair. Mr. Gould exhibited a specimen of a fine species of pheasant, from Siam, transmitted to him by Sir Robert Schomburgk. Mr. Gould stated that the eldest allowable name for this bird was *Diardigallus Crawfordi*. Mr. Gould also exhibited a specimen of the royal spoonbill of Australia (*Platalea regia*). Dr. Günther read a catalogue of the second collection of cold-blooded vertebrates, formed by Mr. Fraser in Ecuador, among which were many species of great interest, and several new to science. Papers by Mr. J. Verreaux (corr. mem.), on a new species of African barbet, and by Mr. W. C. Hewitson, on new or rare butterflies in Wallace's Collection, were read to the Society. Mr. Selater communicated lists of two large collections of birds, lately formed in Mexico by M. de Oca and M. Boucard, with notes and descriptions of new species. Papers were read by Dr. Baird on a new Entozoon (*Sclerostoma sipunculiforme*), from the intestines of the elephant; by Dr. Gray on the sea-lions of the coast of California, and by Mr. G. R. Gray, on a new species of butterfly obtained by Mr. Wallace in Batchian, Moluccas. Major Hay's notes on the Kiang (*Equus Kiang*), lately presented by him to the Society, were read to the meeting. Papers by Mr. Sowerby and Mr. S. Hanley, upon new species of shells in Mr. Cumming's collection, were read by the Secretary. Mr. F. Moore gave a notice of a rare Asiatic pigeon (*Columba rupestris*), of which he exhibited specimens. The Rev. H. B. Tristram exhibited Mammals and cold-blooded Vertebrates, collected by himself in the Algerian Sahara. The Secretary exhibited eggs of the *Balaniceps rex*, obtained by Mr. J. Petherick, on the White Nile; and eggs of Montigney's crane, laid in the Society's Gardens. Lists of the additions made to the Society's managerie during the past four months were laid before the meeting.

**MANCHESTER PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.**—Mathematical and Physical Section—October 13th, Mr. Baxendell read a paper "On the Phenomena of Groups of Solar Spots." After alluding to the conclusions which have been drawn

from the observations of the solar spots made by M. Schwabe, Mr. Carrington, Mr. Dawes, Professor Secchi, and Dr. C. H. F. Peters, the author describes certain phenomena of groups of solar spots, which, so far as he is aware, have not hitherto been noticed in any astronomical work or memoir, but which he thinks merit attention as indicating the direction in which future inquiries ought to be made. 1. In groups consisting of spots differing considerably in size, the largest spot is generally in the preceding part of the group. An examination of many of the published drawings and descriptions of the solar spots by former observers, and of an unpublished series of diagrams made by Mr. Williamson, of Cheetham Hill, in the years 1849, 1851, and 1859, has confirmed the conclusion drawn from the author's own observations. 2. A great number of groups may be regarded as consisting of two sub-groups, each containing one or two spots decidedly larger than the rest. These sub-groups may in their early stages have no apparent connection, but sooner or later small spots generally break out in the interval between them and complete the group. The preceding sub-groups of binary groups are generally the first to appear and the last to disappear. Amidst all the changes to which groups of spots are liable, there seems to be a general tendency to assume the binary arrangement; and it often happens that groups which have apparently quite lost their original binary character, again resume it before their final decay and extinction. Mr. Williamson's diagrams contain many groups which exhibit the binary character; and from the descriptions of the solar spots given by former observers, there can be little doubt that groups of this class have at all times been of common occurrence. An observation of Sir William Herschell, in January, 1801, is quoted as an illustration. The two centres of force or activity in binary groups are sometimes very widely separated, instances not uncommonly occurring in which the distance between them exceeds 90,000 miles. 3. Groups which exhibit anomalous appearances, and undergo complicated changes, sometimes consist of two binary groups which have originally broken out near each other and have extended themselves until they form one compound group. 4. Spots which exhibit indications of rotation are generally the principal members of preceding sub-groups; but the author considers that his observations are far from being conclusive as to whether this rotation is real or only apparent. It is difficult to conceive the mode of operation by which the forces that produce the spots in a binary group should first develop themselves—sometimes almost simultaneously—at two points so widely distant from each other; and the author admits that in the present state of the inquiry he is not prepared to offer any theoretical explanation of this remarkable phenomenon. His observations have been made without reference to any particular theoretical views; and, at present, he does not offer the conclusions given in his paper as anything more than the first results of an attempt to pursue, without reference to any theory, a systematic examination of the phenomena of the solar spots. Extracts from the author's journal of observations were given to illustrate the several points to which he has drawn attention. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Williamson exhibited diagrams showing the results of his observations upon the sun, up to and inclusive of those made on the 13th instant. Mr. Heelis also produced, for the inspection of the members, a copy of the "Selenographia" of Hevelius, including his observations upon the solar spots. Messrs. Sidebotham and Heelis also stated that the conclusions drawn by Mr. Baxendell were partly confirmed by their own observations.

**DISCOLORATION OF PAPER.**—MM. Fordos and Gellé have investigated the discoloration of paper, which is so inconvenient in photography. They have arrived at the conclusion that it is caused by the presence of iron, introduced in the process of manufacture. It is well known that paper-makers avail themselves of the bleaching properties of chlorine to whiten the pulp, and



when this comes in contact with the iron drying cylinders, a protochloride of iron is formed, which is at first colourless, but being gradually acted upon by oxygen produces rust spots.

### FINE ARTS.

#### WALLIS'S EXHIBITION OF MODERN PAINTINGS.

A FEW weeks back we described an exhibition in the City, of "high-class modern paintings," the property of a dealer, brought together with a view to sale by means of the exhibition-room. To-day a selection of a similar kind at the West-end claims our attention. Of old those who dealt in pictures kept their treasures in their own homes, trusting mainly to their private connection with collectors and occasional purchasers, and thinking little of a general public. The public, when they took to buying pictures, went to the exhibitions and bought what they fancied there. But dealers seem to be arriving at the conclusion that they may find advantage in coming into a little closer contact with this great outside world. They have tried the experiment of having periodical exhibitions of their own in the City, in the provinces, with foreign paintings, at the west-end; and here is another trial of it in this latter locality with a selection of pictures by living or recently deceased British painters. Mr. H. Wallis—the originator we believe of the City exhibition, and a gentleman favourably known alike to painters and collectors—has taken, for the months of November and December, the gallery of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours, and filled it with nearly two hundred pictures, selected with great tact, taste, and judgment from recent sales and exhibitions, or directly from the studios of the painters. Objections have been urged against these dealers' exhibitions, as though they were raising a new barrier between artists and the public; but where the character of the exhibition is avowed there can be no solid ground for any such fear; whilst they afford the buyer an opportunity of examining and comparing at his leisure a large selection of paintings by various artists, made very carefully by a person who must, in the nature of things, be a safe judge of their pecuniary value, and who for his own sake would exclude what is crude and below the level of the artist's average—except perhaps in cases where an artist is the idol of the day, and the dealer knows that his crudest work will find an eager purchaser. On the other hand, exhibitions of this kind—that is, of collections formed for the purpose of public exhibition and sale by dealers of established reputation—ensure for the lover of modern art half-an-hour of quiet enjoyment; since, if as will probably be the case, there is no great work of a leading master, and no daring venture by a young or unknown hand, there are sure to be many old friends, choice works over which he has lingered at the public exhibitions, but which have since passed out of sight; others of whose value he was not perhaps so well assured when they were first shown, and which he is glad to have an opportunity of again examining in a better light and more convenient position; others again, early works of the masters which he has known only by reputation, and which he can here compare perhaps with their more recent productions; and, not least, those new works now shown for the first time.

The present exhibition quite fills the well-known room. The pictures are mostly of cabinet size, and mostly of the home-loving Englishman's subjects. The only works which in size and subject are out of this category, are two of Mr. Poole's great epics, 'Solomon Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance during the Plague of London' (2), and 'The Messenger announcing to Job the Slaughter of his Servants' (24)—to call them by Mr. Poole's own titles, not those of the catalogue. The former of these was the first work of this class painted by Mr. Poole (its date was 1843), and, to our thinking, it is the finest of them; but it is a work more befitting a public than a private room, and will find its proper place in a National Gallery of British Pictures, whenever such a gal-

lery shall be formed. The other picture was painted in 1850, and passed into the hands of Mr. Wallis at Lord Northwick's sale, for the sum of 610 guineas.

But though these are the only large examples of the historical class, there are several landscapes of heroic size. Such emphatically is Calcott's 'Diana and her Nymphs returning from the Chase' (32). It is described as a "grand classical composition," and it is a very admirable one of its kind; but what a gulf seems fixed between the time when such a picture could have been painted and the present; and yet it is but the other day. Another noted picture, also a representative picture in its way, is Constable's 'Opening of Waterloo Bridge, 1817—Thunderstorm passing off' (29), on a canvas almost as big as the bridge. Belonging to the same time, and equally belonging to a phase of mind passed away for ever, is Etty's 'Hercules slaying the Man of Kalydon' (6), coarse, dashing, and powerful, but now-a-days touching not a chord of sympathy in the breast of any spectator.

Turning now to pictures not previously exhibited, the first place must be assigned to a small but very beautiful work, 'The Mother of Moses consigning her Infant to the Waters,' by H. Le Jeune (154). The sacred narrative describes the sister of Moses as watching the cradle as it lay among the flags by the river's brink; but Mr. Le Jeune has represented the mother watching along with her daughter. The licence would, however, be allowable, though it were not justified by the text. But, as the mother herself laid her child by the water, there is little doubt that she would remain at hand to see that no harm befel it, and we may conclude, from her having been so readily found when a nurse was required, that she had never been far away. Accounting thus for the presence of the mother, we may accept the picture as a probable representation of the scene. And it is necessary to account for her presence, for it is upon her that the interest of the picture is centred. Holding her daughter with a tightened grasp, she strains eagerly forward to catch, whilst concealing herself, an inkling of what Pharaoh's daughter is about to do. The child, partly hidden by the papyrus flags, lies midway between the two groups. The figure of the mother of Moses is exquisitely conceived and painted. She is almost too refined, perhaps too intellectual, but if the theory hold good, that heroes are ever the sons of noble-minded mothers, the mother of Moses could have been no common-place Hebrew woman. Miriam is also beautifully painted, but Mr. Le Jeune always paints young girls well. Very sweetly, too, is the sleeping child rendered; and the distant princess and her attendants are very nicely and distinctly touched in—giving the proper emphasis to the story, yet not for an instant interfering with the pre-eminence of the foremost group. Mr. Le Jeune has several times essayed scriptural subjects, but to our thinking never succeeded nearly so well as in this instance. True scriptural simplicity of thought and feeling, and honest every-day human sentiment, are combined with genuine poetic expression. There is more, too, of vigour, and less of manner, than we have been accustomed to look for late in his pictures. The subsidiary objects, the distant palms, the papyrus plants the local colour, are all carefully studied. The costume is, indeed, somewhat freely—or, if you will, conventionally—treated, being certainly not that worn by a Hebrew slave or an Egyptian princess; but the conventionalism is not obtrusive, and the drapery is painted with rare skill and delicacy, that of Moses's mother being especially well managed. Some objection might fairly be raised to the architectural mass, and we confess ourselves quite unable to account for the presence there of such a tree as that behind the daughter of Levi.

Less important in subject, but at least its equal in refinement and technical merit, is the 'Gretchen' (65) of Mr. Dobson, a charmingly unconscious little German peasant girl in a nut wood, placing in her bosom a mallow she has just gathered: quite a little pictorial idyll. More

ambitious is his older picture, 'The Parable of the Children in the Market Place' (46), with Christ and St. John as children among children—but with all the care in characterisation and skill of execution, there is a cold abstraction about the whole that seems to say "these things are an allegory," and the allegory is not brought home to our human feelings.

Among other noticeable pictures here, is a small but richly coloured and powerfully painted picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, 'The Poacher's Bothy' (153), from the collection of Mr. Rodgetts. By Stanfield, there are two small works, an English 'Sea Coast' (63), and Calabrian 'Muleteers' (67), pausing by a road-side crucifix. Creswick's very pleasing study, 'Under the Old Bridge' (138), exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, is here, with his 'Road to the Farm' (22), 'English Cottages—with figures by F. Goodall, A.R.A.,' and one or two more. Among several landscapes by the elder Linnell, are a "grand composition" of 'David Slaying the Lion' (12), which appears to have happened in a richly-wooded part of England in the autumn; a finely painted 'Landscape with winding road and cattle' (3), from Lord Northwick's collection; 'The Bark Peelers' (80), from Mr. Rodgetts's collection &c. By Mr. Hering there is a very carefully painted new picture of 'Como' (104); but much finer to our thinking—more vigorous and fuller of colour—is an earlier picture, 'Calm on the Mediterranean' (47). 'Summer Evening,' by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., is a large and clever picture, in that painter's best manner; by whom there are also one or two smaller works. A couple of new pictures by Mr. G. Dawson, 'On the Yare' (88), and 'Near Nottingham' (94), are evidently the result of a watchful study of natural phenomena, but none of his later pictures can compare with those which first made his name known—and his blankety texture seems to be becoming chronic. By Mr. Pyne there are fair specimens of his later foggy and Turneresque manner, and of his earlier, harder, and more natural. From Mr. Harding's pencil there is a boldly treated view of 'Venice' (30). By Mr. F. W. Hulme there are a couple of small landscapes, 'Old Cottage, Betws-y-Coed' (44), and a summer scene on 'The Grassy Banks of Wye,' which, in colour especially, are a great advance on previous works.

'The Passing Cloud' (35), J. C. Hook, A.R.A., is one of the earliest of his fresh, hearty, English pictures, not equal to some later ones of the same class, but an excellent picture, true to nature in the landscape, and telling well an old old story. 'Baby's Turn,' G. W. Cope, R.A., is one of the best of the somewhat heavy frolics of a true but very unequal painter. 'The Statute Fair' (34), G. B. O'Neill, from the last Academy exhibition, is better placed here, and improves with the placing; but the objections we then made to it as a picture are even more palpable now it is more fairly seen. By Mr. C. S. Lidderdale there is a finished study (51) of the young mother watching her baby kicking about on the floor, made for his Academy picture of 'Maternal Love,' which is even better than that capital conception appeared in the picture. Whilst speaking of this class of pictures we must not forget to call the visitor's attention to 'The Little Stranger' (176), by D. Gibson, exhibited at the Academy in 1855, the last and perhaps the best work of one of the most promising of our younger painters—snatched away just as his worth was finding recognition.

We can only add that, besides the above, there are the 'Hermeine' and the 'Medora' of Mr. Egg, A.R.A., 'The Artist's Reverie,' of Mr. Woolmer, and other genre works of more or less excellence by Messrs. Elmore, R.A., A. Johnstone, Hicks (who shows in some charming studies a refinement that unhappily he never retains in his pictures), Calderon, Baxter, Bonner, Brooks, Edmiston, G. Smith, and others known to fame; with landscapes—some of great beauty—by Boddington, Gilbert, Percy, the Williamses, Peel, Wilson, Niemann, &c.; and fruit by Lance and Grönlund,—in all, assuredly a tempting bill of fare.

The  
Engraver  
Parker  
Museum  
suitable  
is bey  
Gothic  
most f  
buildin  
though  
most p  
to lin  
artist  
been s  
engrav  
most c  
yet be  
whole  
laborat  
at Glas  
It has  
Oxford  
could  
treated  
eviden  
worked  
a prin  
roughl  
little r  
Proul  
literal  
its fid  
graphs  
point  
differ  
includ  
the ac  
the fac  
only p

We  
paintin  
picture  
localit  
not un  
for its  
As our  
painte  
being  
created  
of the  
engrav  
report  
Ameri  
that fr  
whilst  
was pu  
him b  
it tha  
latter,  
a myt

? Mar  
the In  
with s  
Art U  
with e  
enroll  
picture  
instit  
at 100  
80 gu  
Mea  
the pr  
Londo  
Londo  
issued  
burin  
picture

The  
of the  
Pall M  
on Mo

Cry  
six day  
cludin

*The University Museum, Oxford.* Drawn and Engraved by J. H. Le Keux. (Oxford: J. H. Parker.) Oxford may well be proud of her new Museum. If Gothic architecture be anywhere suitable, it must be at Oxford. And the Museum is beyond dispute the best example of secular Gothic yet erected—the truest, most vigorous, most fairly adapted to the purpose for which the building was erected, in all its parts the most thoughtful, and, as a whole, undoubtedly the most picturesque. A building the sunlight loves to linger over; the photographer to copy; the artist to sketch. Scarcely another new building has been so often and so variously represented. The engraving before us, however, claims to be the most complete, and it is by far the best that has yet been published. The view comprises the whole of the west (or principal) front; the large laboratory (designed after the famous kitchen at Glastonbury), and the Curator's house beyond. It has been engraved to form the heading of the Oxford Almanac for 1860: the best subject that could possibly have been chosen for this year, and treated in the best manner. Mr. Le Keux has evidently worked on it lovingly (as so many have worked on the Museum itself), and the result is a print well-felt, clear, bright, firm, and thoroughly artist-like. We might have desired a little more of that broad handling of the shadows Prout would have given us, but perhaps the more literal truth is preferable for such a work. For its fidelity we can vouch. Before us lie photographs of large size, taken from almost the identical point of view, and there is scarcely the smallest difference between them, except that the engraving includes more, and that in it is introduced, from the architect's designs, the ornamental carvings of the façade, which in the original are at present only plain blocks.

We see by the newspapers that Rosa Bonheur's painting of the 'Horse Fair' is on view at the picture gallery of Canterbury Hall. It is a curious locality for such a work, but the picture has some not unworthy neighbours. Exactly how to account for its being there, however, rather puzzles us. As our readers may remember, Madame Bonheur painted two 'Horse Fairs.' The original, after being exhibited at the French Gallery, where it created a "sensation," was shown in various parts of the country, in order to obtain subscribers to the engraving of it by T. Landseer, and then, as was reported at the time, was transferred to an American purchaser. The second, a smaller, but, as the fair artist averred, a better picture, and that from which the engraving was actually made whilst the first was travelling over the country, was purchased by the late Mr. Jacob Bell, and by him bequeathed to the nation. Which of these is it that has gone to the concert hall? Not the latter, we suppose. Was the American purchase a myth?

Manchester as well as Liverpool has followed the Imperial example by founding an Art Union with shares at a shilling each. The Manchester Art Union scheme appears to have been received with enthusiasm; 14,000 subscribers were speedily enrolled, and the Committee have purchased three pictures from the local exhibition at the Royal Institution,—two by Mr. Bossuet and Mr. Duffield, at 100 guineas each, and one by Mr. Raven at 80 guineas.

Meanwhile, the old Art Union of Manchester, the prizeholders in which, as in the Art Union of London, select their own paintings, and from the London as well as the provincial exhibitions, has issued to its subscribers an engraving, from the burin of Mr. Lightfoot, after Webster's popular picture, 'The Boy with Many Friends.'

There is to be a private view to-day (Saturday) of the Winter Exhibition at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, preparatory to its opening to the public on Monday next.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of Admissions for six days, ending Friday, November 4th, 1859 (including season ticket holders), 9,429.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has this week in a measure given place to an English version of Verdi's heavy and everlasting *Trovatore*, and Balfe's light and trifling *Satanella*, each of which operas has drawn full houses and enthusiastic audiences. In the first of these presentations, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison cede the posts of honour to Mdlle. Parepa and Mr. Henry Haigh. The first of these *artistes* is an English lady, a niece of Mr. Howell, the double-bass player, who, it will be remembered, appeared at the Royal Italian Opera a season or two ago in the *Puritani*, and obtained something beyond a *succès d'estime*. Having held her position there for two years, she was lost sight of for a time, but now comes to her native home to assume a position which she is quite capable of turning to a manifest advantage, if she only continue to study, as she evidently has done, well and carefully, since her temporary withdrawal from the duties of her profession. The rôle of *Leonora* is scarcely suited to Mdlle. Parepa's capacity, either as an actress or as a singer; but what she lacked in *esprit* was atoned for amply by the sweetness of her voice and the brilliancy of her execution. In the last act, however, she threw herself into the situation of the scene with an *abandon* that proved her capabilities to be of no mediocre quality. Mr. Henry Haigh has a pure tenor organ, and, if he will only give up a few bad habits, and learn to deliver his voice properly, will succeed. His tone is not powerful, although it is pure, whilst the quality is sweet, but marred by a manner lacking refinement. As an actor, but little can be said of this gentleman's proficiency. English tenors, from Braham downwards, have seldom been expected to excel in this department of their calling. Even Mr. Sims Reeves is scarcely an exception to the rule. Miss Pilling is not yet equal to the rôle of *Asucena*. She sings the music correctly, but is not *au fait* at the management of the several terrible situations which Verdi has accorded to the gipsy foster-mother. Mr. Santley sings *Il Balen* better even than Graziani, and makes much more of the other portions, of a very uphill part, than his Italian competitor has ever done. A great future is before this *artiste*; and if he proceed with the same rapid strides, which he has already taken, the place of Mr. Henry Phillips may be said to be supplied, both upon the stage and in the orchestra, by this gentleman, and nothing but a few good lessons in acting is wanting to make him as proficient in opera as he is already in oratorio singing. The chorus and band were admirably handled by Mr. A. Mellon, who is, not inaptly, already styled the English Costa.

In the *Satanella* Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have resumed their respective parts, whilst Mr. Santley has replaced Mr. Weiss as *Arinanes*; and a young *débütante* of considerable promise, Miss Fanny Cruise, undertakes the little part of *Lelia*; whilst Miss Pilling supplies that of the *Countess*, in the room of Miss Susan Pyne, who appears to have retired from the company. The popularity of this opera during the last winter appears to be in no degree diminished, all the favourite *morceaux*—and especially the well-known "Power of Love," most exquisitely warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne—having produced the usual enthusiasm which carried Mr. Balfe's latest, and perhaps less perfect, work triumphantly through the whole of the first Covent Garden English Opera season.

The reprise of the *Trovatore*, as well as of the *Satanella*, gives an opportunity for contrast between the respective styles of the modern Italian and English composers and that of M. Meyerbeer, whose *Dinorah* shines as pure gold beside the gilded tin and silvered copper of his contemporaries; whilst the *artistes* themselves, from Miss Louisa Pyne downwards, return to the harmonies of the latter with a zest which shows how firmly the creation of the sound and learned *maître* has taken hold of their judgment, during the period that they have had the opportunity of well and worthily interpreting its perfect, though immensely difficult, transitions.

Upon the whole this has been a great week for the Pyne and Harrison company, and indicates that the promise of London having at last an English opera, worthy of the musical position of the country, is at length ably and satisfactorily fulfilled.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Thursday was a great day for the German population of London at the Crystal Palace. Determined not to be behind their countrymen at home in doing honour to the fame of Schiller—the Shakspeare of their Fatherland—they celebrated the centenary of the eminent poet's birth with music and torchlight procession, thereby giving an insight into their national customs to their Anglo-Saxon cousins, of which they had scarcely any previous idea, except perhaps in a few instances, and those only of rare or chance occurrence, as the travelled Englishman might have fallen in with a *Fackel-Tanz* either at Munich or Berlin, Nuremberg or Vienna, or at any of the other large towns either within or without the Zollverein. The musical ceremony of the day occupied the principal part of the proceedings, beginning as early as half-past one o'clock, with a "Schiller" march, composed expressly for the occasion by Herr Carl Wilhelm Groos, which served very well to silence the sitting part of the auditory, and to prepare them for the miscellaneous selection that followed. Rossini's matchless overture to *William Tell* succeeded the Groos march, doubtless in allusion to Schiller's poem of that name. The enthusiasm of the public, who were inclined to be cold was small, owing to the rawness of the atmosphere, and the want of proper refreshments, which are indispensable stimulants to a thorough enjoyment of any amusement at this dull and foggy season of the year. The overture finished, Dr. Kinkel mounted the orchestra, and delivered a eulogy, as we presume, upon Schiller in his native tongue. Owing, however, to the noise and confusion that prevailed during the whole time the learned Doctor was speaking, scarcely a sound could be heard at the smallest possible distance from the place of enunciation and gesticulation. It may be supposed that the purport of the address was of an *ad captandum* character, if the vehement applause which the German occupants of the orchestra continuously rendered may be taken as a criterion of the worth of the literary effusion. As for ourselves, the distance we were at from the *locale* of sound precluded the possibility of our hearing a syllable. It was, indeed, all dumb show, only to be equalled by M. Wieniawski's solo, which, accompanied by M. Benedict on the pianoforte, served only to illustrate the ridiculous position of a violin player, when the "discourse of most sweet music" by no means followed upon the contortions of the person, the use of the bow, and the rapid movement of the fingers. Never, perhaps, was a fiddle so hopelessly silenced by space and noise. The next feature of the programme was Herr Pauer's *Festiva Cantata*, a composition for the occasion, to words by Herr F. Freiligrath, in which several specimens of clever part-writing made themselves prominent. Like most pieces, however, written to order for special events, the *Cantata* appeared to lack inspiration, and to be too laboured in construction to take any hold upon a musical ear. We shall, however, be better able to do justice to an excellent musician and very worthy man, when his composition is published. Each of these compositions, and something more, served as a prelude to Romberg's musical setting to Schiller's well-known *Das Lied von der Cuckee*, or, "Lay of the Bell," a composition but little known in England, and not at all likely, we presume, now to take any firm root on the musical ground of England. Many portions of the *Lied* are simple in form, methodical in rhythm, and agreeable in melody; but the instrumentation is for the most part weak, and the transitions are continually crude and abrupt. Perhaps, however, it is scarcely fair to criticise the work itself too minutely, inasmuch as the opportunity for testing its merits on Thursday was none of the best. The band and chorus were evidently desirous of doing justice both to Romberg and Schiller; but



Mr. Benedict's manner as a conductor is so uncertain and fidgetty, that it was impossible for either the one or the other to make anything of a composition under his direction, unless from being better acquainted with it than he is himself. They take it entirely out of his hands, and pay no attention to his beat, whether it be in a circle, or to every point of the compass, as the whim seizes him. As a musician Mr. Benedict stands deservedly high; but as a conductor he is by many degrees below any of those gentlemen who have the legitimate privilege of wielding the *bâton* in this country. Very little enthusiasm was elicited by the performance of the *chef d'œuvre* of Romberg, the few who could hear it evidently not understanding its point and purpose; whilst those who could not do so were, to all intents and purposes, wholly indifferent to the entire proceedings of the orchestra, except as to the length of the concert, which was unanimously and heartily condemned. The principal singers were of no note, and, with the exception of Mlle. Jenny Bauer—who has not sung in London since the production of the *Etoile de Nord* at the Old Italian Opera House, Covent Garden—Mr. W. Cooper, and Mr. Lawler, were "to fame," and, we fear, "to fortune" also, alike "unknown." We are disinclined to offer any contrast between the Handel Festival, the Charity Schools gatherings, and the Schiller *Fest*; yet the difference of the former to the manifest disadvantage of the latter could but be painfully evident. As a respectful homage to the memory of Schiller, the event was agreeable and note-worthy; but as a musical exposition it was vastly inferior to any other performance of the present season within the crystal walls of the People's Palace. The torch-light procession, with which the proceedings of the day terminated, proved more attractive than the music. Its novelty pleased the multitude, who were induced to participate largely—for fun is catching—in the jollity and *bonhomie* of the German crowd, who made a regular *fête* of the event, and emulated their kith and kindred abroad with all the zest and ardour of thorough native patriotism.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—At last the manager of the new Adelphi has produced a piece with the result of great success. *The Dead Heart*, if containing faults, is full of admirable writing—sometimes indeed the thoughts are extremely fine. The composition is never careless, utterly without bombast, and to what there is of superfluity very little objection can be taken. That the author, Mr. Watts Phillips, has studied the lower romantic French school to a very great extent is clear. *The Dead Heart* may be taken from no particular piece produced in Paris, but all the incidents it contains have been repeatedly used in minor Parisian theatres. Yet still the brilliancy of the construction justifies the announcement of *The Dead Heart* as a "new and original drama." The piece is in four acts, or rather a prologue and three acts. In the prologue, which is dated 1771, we find one of a number of students, *Robert Landry* (Mr. B. Webster), is affianced to *Catherine Duval* (Mrs. A. Mellon), who has also an admirer in the *Count St. Valerie* (Mr. Billington), a weak man, who is guided by the *Abbé Latour* (Mr. D. Fisher), a Jesuit, and all-powerful with the Dubarry. The *Abbé* prompts the noble to carry off *Catherine*, and, true to his education, says he will compromise her, to facilitate her fall. The *Abbé*, the evil principle of the drama, also desires to remove *Catherine's* lover, and for that purpose he issues a *lettre de cachet* for his imprisonment. The *Count* forcing his way into *Catherine's* chamber, the girl shouts for help, and her entreaty is met by the presence of her lover, who, through the ability of the *Abbé*, is made to believe that *Catherine* is guilty. While reproaching her, *Robert* is arrested, and led away to the Bastille. In the first act seventeen years have passed away. The *Count*, overcome with remorse, has married *Catherine*, and left her a widow, with one son. This son has been induced to follow in the footsteps of his father by the advice of the *Abbé* who, yet true to his education, would ac-

quire possession of the mother through her affection for her son; he tells her he will save the youth if she will but fall. In this act also the Bastille is taken, and amidst its prisoners is *Robert Landry*. Almost reduced to a mere animal existence, he is brought into the light, is recognised by old companions, and at last on hearing the *Count's* name he recognises those about him. But his heart is "dead." All affection has passed from it, and when he meets *Catherine* he tells her he will not save her son. In the second act, which takes place in 1794, *Latour* and the young *Count* are in prison, awaiting the guillotine, while *Landry* has risen to power, and is master in the Conciergerie. The act culminates by *Landry* slaying *Latour* in fair combat, the *Abbé*, as he dies still true to his principles, informing *Landry* that he could tell him a secret which would change his life, and which he shall never know. The third act is very good. The mother, *Catherine*, has sued *Landry* to save her son, but *The Dead Heart* refuses, though he allows her to see the lad. But suddenly *Landry* feels a revulsion of feeling within him, for he learns the *Abbé's* secret by a paper found on the Jesuit's body, the secret by which he ascertains that the hate he bears *Arthur St. Valerie* is unjust, for the young nobleman's father instead of being instrumental in keeping *Landry* in prison actually procured an order to release him within ten days of his arrest—order rendered valueless by the cruelty of the Jesuit, who declared *Landry* to be dead. The catastrophe is seen. *Robert Landry* takes the place of *Arthur* and is beheaded, while the youth and his mother are enabled to escape from France. The drama contains many good situations, and they were very fully represented by the actors. Of Mr. Webster's personification a great deal might be said; his delineation of the gradual return of memory to the desert mind of *Landry* when released from the Bastille, was a magnificent piece of acting. We are so accustomed to this actor's power that it does not surprise us. But our astonishment was great indeed at the superb acting of Mrs. A. Mellon and Mr. D. Fisher. The lady has many good scenes; but, in the especial one where she is listening to the unseen jailor calling out the numbers of the condemned prisoners' cells, that their hapless occupants may be "checked off" for the guillotine, this actress's gesture and pose are positively Rachelesque. Of Mr. Fisher we must say that the sooner he gives up light comedy characters the better. His performance of the heartless, intellectual, merciless, godless, and cowardly *Abbé* places him in the rank of fine actors. To his death-scene, we can apply no other epithet than grand; the expression of the face, ever varying in its changes of hate, fear, defiance, and wickedness, was superb. We have marked a desire on the part of that gentleman during his engagement at the Adelphi to raise himself in his style, and we have wondered at the endeavour; we wonder no more, and we are brought to the painful conviction that Mr. Kean could not have appreciated Mr. Fisher's powers when that gentleman was at the Princess's. Nor must we forget Mr. Stuart, who played a common soldier more than passing well. That this admirable drama has faults—faults which even the best power of the actor cannot eradicate, few critics will deny. In the prologue we find the students singing that old French air which we know as "We won't go home till morning"—its effect is bad, for it is apparently incongruous; the *Abbé* is too clever to run the risk of allowing the written secret of the *Count's* mercy to remain on his person, there to be found by the jailor, whence it passes into *Landry's* hands; four aristocrats condemned to death, and singing blithe songs at the bars of four prison doors, while Mr. Toole, as the jailor tries to drown their voices with the *Mar-seillaise* suggest a comic Newgate Calendar, while the last act is full of faults. It will be remembered that *Landry* goes to execution in place of the young *Count*, but the impossibility of this act is clear when we remember that he is the governor of the prison whence he is taken to death, and would therefore in all probability

be known by the guard. But a graver fault completes the drama. *Catherine* learns the truth when her son is encircled by her arms; learns it by gazing through the window, and seeing *Landry* mount the scaffold. But this does not satisfy Mr. Watts Phillips; so the solid walls of the Conciergerie are made to slide up and down, and the audience see the guillotine, and the martyr preparing for the knife. This stage business utterly destroys the natural effect of the acting. It makes a really good and touching drama, beautifully played, terminate unnaturally and even absurdly. We know the liking of English audiences for these spectacular terminations; but we are convinced that a good example only requires to be set, and the public will soon appreciate it.

We are glad to be able to announce that *Dinorah* under *Difficulties* is not a vulgar burlesque on the opera, and the *Ave Maria* is not introduced in any way whatever. It is from the French (we even borrow our burlesques from the French), and turns upon the woes of a provincial theatrical manager (Mr. Toole), who would produce *Dinorah*, but for one little obstacle—he has no *prima donna*. However, none but the brave deserve success, and so the manager appears at the rehearsal as the *prima donna* himself; for it is very important the opera should be produced, as the mayor is going to patronise the first night. The rehearsal goes on very well till the storm business; the cataract is effected by casting the whole of two pails of water down a trap. The cataract is managed very well, only unfortunately the whole of the waterfalls crash upon the mayor, who has come to patronise the rehearsal, and the whole house is involved in confusion.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Robson appeared once more as the burlesque *Medea* on Monday last. Wondrous as Mr. Robson's performance in this burlesque most decidedly is, we feel he should never have consented to parody a great actress. There are few really great performers, and they should tacitly form a freemasonry of mutual respect and friendship. Nay, the idea has occurred to us that Mr. Robson, in the most tragic moments of his *Medea*, is actually striving to learn whether burlesque cannot defeat itself—his action and gestures, when not speaking, are so wondrous, that it is only as the absurd words of his "part" fall from his mouth, that the actual awe felt at witnessing his acting is destroyed, and is succeeded by the boisterous laugh. *Medea*, on its original production, was a great triumph, but Mr. Robson, we are sure, could never have felt it a noble victory. Mlle. Ristori may have witnessed and applauded, but Mr. Robson could not have experienced very much satisfaction when the eyes of the great Italian actress were upon him, and marked his marvellous, yet cruel burlesque of her best character. Setting *Medea* herself on one side for a moment, we must say of the burlesque, that it smacks of mustiness—the puns are too old, miss fire terribly, and addressed at the passing events of their original day are frequently incomprehensible.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A comedy by the late Mr. James Kenny, *London Pride*; or, *Living for Appearances*, was produced at this house on Wednesday, and proved another managerial mistake. The sale of the St. James's Theatre fills because the company is good, the house exceedingly comfortable, and the prices low; but the total inattention to the exigencies of actors and actresses, and the disregard paid to good dramatic writers, must ultimately result in injury to an otherwise admirably conceived speculation. A cheap house, with a good company, in Western London, was a want long felt. Mr. F. Chatterton supplied it; and by careful management he may be most successful. The comedy *London Pride*, turns upon the weakness of a husband (Mr. Leigh Murray), and the silly wickedness of a wife, *Mrs. Harrington* (Mrs. F. Matthews), who will insist upon extreme extravagance and show. When we add that these qualities nearly destroy the husband's honour and the lady's own; that they almost overwhelm the family in poverty, and threaten the very life's



happiness of the daughter of the house, we think we have said enough to prove that the character of the wife is not suited to that admirable actress in pure comedy—Mrs. F. Matthews. The climax is reached at a ball given by Mrs. Harrington, when a creditor breaks in amidst the festivities. However all things are set straight by the recovery of some stolen diamonds, and the curtain falls upon the resolve of Mrs. Harrington to behave better for the future, and the determination of the husband to make his wife keep her promise. Mr. Leigh Murray played the husband admirably. Of Miss Nellie Moore, who filled the rôle of the daughter, we reserve our opinion till we have seen her in a better part than that of Julia. We hope to have an early opportunity of chronicleing a good production at this pleasant house.

## DENMAN,

INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c. First importations, 200, per dozen, BOTTLES INCLUDED, an advantage greatly appreciated by the public and a constantly increasing connection, saving the great annoyance of returning them.

A Pint Sample of both for 24 stamps.

WINE IN CASE forwarded free to any railway station in England. EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen.

Terms, Cash. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cross cheques "Bank of London." Price lists forwarded on application.

JAMES L. DENMAN,

65, Fenchurch Street, corner of Railway Place, London.

On Monday next will be published, in post 8vo. cloth elegant, price 6s.

PEDEN THE PROPHET. A Tale of the Covenanters. Founded on Fact. By the Rev. A. MORTON BROWN, LL.D.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, Paternoster Row.

COMPLETE LIBRARY EDITION OF SIR E. BULWER LYTTON'S NOVELS.—This day is published,

THE CAXTONS, VOL. I., being the First of a New and Uniform Edition of the NOVELS AND ROMANCES OF SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART. Printed from a large readable type, in volumes of a convenient and handsome form, price 5s. each. To be published monthly.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

ELEGANT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Now ready, in handsome cloth, 12mo. price 5s.

PEARLS OF SHAKESPEARE: a Collection of the most brilliant passages found in his plays. Embellished with forty-eight illustrations from designs by Kenny Meadows. London: CASSELL, PETER, & GILPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.

Now ready, in small 8vo. price 5s. 6d.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE, IN A SERIES OF SERMONS. By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; Author of a Harmony of the Gospels, with Commentary, in 8 vols.

Also, by the same Author.

1. SERMONS ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. 5s. 6d.
2. SERMONS ON THE EPISTLES, GOSPELS, AND HOLY DAYS. 3 vols. Second Edition, 10s. 6d.

RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place.

## TRADE MARK.

BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT CORN FLOUR, preferred to the best Arrowroot. Delicious in Puddings, Custards, Blancmange, Cake, &c., and especially suited to the delicacy of children and invalids. The *Lancet* states: "This is superior to any other of the kind known." Trade Mark and Recipes on each Packet. 4s. and 16 oz. Obtain it where inferior articles are not substituted from family Grocers, Chemists, Confectioners, and Corn Dealers. Paisley; Dublin; 77, Market Street, Manchester; and 29, Ironmonger Lane, London.

S. W. SILVER & Co.'s OUTFITTING WARE.—HOUSES, 65 and 67, CORNHILL, E.C.—OUTFITS for Australia, India, and China, for Naval and Military Officers, Cadets, Midshipmen, and Civilians; clothing for gentlemen's home use, viz., Naval and Military uniforms and civilian dress of the best material and workmanship; shirts, hose, gloves, &c.; ladies' outfit; furniture for camp, barracks, cabin, and colonial use, embracing every variety of cabinet work, chests, trunks, portmanteaus, &c., suited to all climates. Manufactory, Silvertown (opposite H. M. Dockyards), Woolwich.

## BENSON'S WATCHES.

"Perfection of mechanism."—*Morning Post*.

GOLD WATCHES, 4 to 100 Gs.—SILVER WATCHES, 2 to 50 Gs. Send Two Stamps for Benson's Illustrated Watch Pamphlet. Watches sent free to any part of the United Kingdom, on receipt of Post Office Orders. 33 & 34, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Established 1749.

## UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 8, WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall, LONDON, S.W.

The Funds or Property of the Company, as at 31st December, 1858, amounted to £652,618 3s. 10d. invested in Government or other approved securities.

THE HON. FRANCIS SCOTT, CHAIRMAN.

CHARLES BERWICK CURTIS, Esq., DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN.

INVALID LIVES.—Persons not in sound health may have their lives insured at equitable rates.

ACCOMMODATION IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.—Only one-half of the Annual Premium, when the Insurance is for Life, requires to be paid for the first five years, simple interest being charged on the balance. Such arrangement is equivalent to an immediate advance of 50 per cent. upon the Annual Premium, without the borrower having recourse to the unpleasant necessity of procuring Surties, or assigning and thereby parting with his Policy, during the currency of the Loan, irrespective of the great attendant expenses in such arrangements.

The above mode of Insurance has been found most advantageous when Policies have been required to cover monetary transactions, or when incomes applicable for Insurance are at present limited, as it only necessitates half the outlay formerly required by other Companies before the present system was instituted by this Office.

LOANS—Are granted likewise on real and personal securities.

Forms of Proposals and every information afforded on application to the Resident Director,

8, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

(By Order)

E. LENNOX BOYD, Resident Director.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE WILLIAM COTTAM, Esq., Chairman  
FREDERICK PATTON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Thomas G. Barclay, Esq.  
James C. C. Bell, Esq.  
James Brand, Esq.  
Charles Cave, Esq.  
George Henry Cutler, Esq.  
Henry Davidson, Esq.  
George Field, Esq.  
George Hibbert, Esq.  
Samuel Hibbert, Esq.  
Thos. Newman Hunt, Esq.  
J. Gordon Murdoch, Esq.  
William R. Robinson, Esq.  
Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.  
Newman Smith, Esq.

SECURITY.—The assured are protected by a guarantee fund of upwards of a MILLION AND A HALF STERLING from the liabilities attaching to mutual assurance.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.

CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in payment of claims and additions upwards of £1,500,000.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom. SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

## NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

64, PRINCES' STREET, EDINBURGH.

67, SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

Incorporated by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament, 1869.

New Assurances during the past year ..... £27,425 0 0  
Yielding in New Premiums ..... 12,565 19 8  
Profit realised since the last septennial investigation ..... 136,629 5 0

Bonus declared of 11 5s. per cent. per annum on every policy opened prior to December 31st, 1858.

Fire Premiums received in 1858 ..... 31,345 15 5

LONDON BOARD.

SIR PETER LAURIE, Alderman, Chairman.

John I. Glenzie, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

William Borradaile, Esq.  
John Connell, Esq.  
Charles J. Knowles, Esq., Q.C.  
Alexander Dobie, Esq., Lancaster Place, Solicitor.

Bankers—Union Bank of London.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposals, &c., may be obtained at the Office, 4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C. ROBERT STRACHAN, Secretary.

ACCIDENTS ARE OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

INSURANCE DATA SHOW THAT ONE PERSON IN EVERY FIFTEEN IS MORE OR LESS INJURED BY ACCIDENT YEARLY.

An annual payment of 2l. secures a fixed allowance of 6l. per week in the event of Injury, or 1000l. in case of Death, from Accidents of every description, by a policy in the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, which has already paid in compensation for Accidents 57,069l.

Forms of Proposal and Prospectuses may be had at the Company's Offices, and at all the principal Railway Stations, where also RAILWAY ACCIDENTS ALONE may be insured against by the Journey or year. No charge for Stamp Duty. Capital One Million.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.  
Railway Passengers' Assurance Company.  
Offices, 3, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

MONEY! MONEY! UNITED KINGDOM ADVANCE ASSOCIATION OFFICES.

24, MANCHESTER STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON.

LOANS from 5l. to 1000l. granted to all parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, at 5 per cent. upon personal security, within three clear days. Forms of application sent upon receipt of three postage stamps.

D. DEARIE, Secretary.  
Also advances to any amount on property.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

## SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

INSTITUTED 1831.

HEAD OFFICE:—26, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

The profits are divided every three years, and wholly belong to the members of the Society. The last division took place at 1st March, 1859, and from the results of it is taken the following:

EXAMPLE OF ADDITIONS.

A POLICY FOR £1,000, MADE 1st MARCH, 1832, is now increased to £541 9s. 6d. Supposing the age of the Assured at the date of entry to have been 40, these Additions may be surrendered to the Society for a present payment of 362l. 17s. 8d., or such surrender would not only redeem the entire premium on the Policy, but also entitle the party to a present payment of 104l. 4s. and, in both cases, the Policy would receive future triennial additions.

THE EXISTING ASSURANCES AMOUNT TO ..... £5,273,367  
THE ANNUAL REVENUE ..... £187,240  
THE ACCUMULATED FUND (arising solely from the Contributions of Members) ..... £1,194,037

ROBT. CHRISTIE, Manager.  
WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

LONDON OFFICE, 26, POULTRY, E.C.

ARCHD. T. RITCHIE, Agent.

## NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.—BANK OF

DEPOSIT (Established A.D. 1844), No. 3, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.—THE WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, on Deposit Accounts, to the 30th June, are ready for delivery, and payable daily between the hours of 10 and 4.

PETER MONAGHAN, Managing Director.

June 11th, 1859.

Prospectuses and forms sent free on application.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,  
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS to be THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, SEE THAT YOU GET IT, as inferior kinds are often substituted. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c., &c.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW AND LONDON.

TO BUILDERS, SHIPPERS, &c.

J. JOHNSON informs the above that he is open to supply them with any amount of GROUND WHITE LEAD and COLOURED PAINTS at Five per Cent. lower than the Current Prices. J. J.'s Lead and Paints are recommended to the Trade as possessing more body, covers better, and easier to work than any other, and will retain colour in any climate. All orders to be addressed to J. JOHNSON, New Bridge, Brentford, W.

ANOTHER CURE OF VIOLENT COUGH, SORE THROAT, &c., BY

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Dated Kirtou.—Sir, Having had an ulcerated sore throat and violent cough for several months, accompanied with excessive expectoration, and obtained no relief from my medical attendant, and being recommended by my neighbour, Mrs. Macdonald (who had experienced great relief from Dr. Locock's Wafers), to try them, I was induced to do so, and feel a great pleasure in bearing my testimony to a speedy cure experienced by me from one box only. (Signed) CHARLOTTE HEAD. To Mr. J. Noble, Bookseller, Market-place, Boston.

DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per box. They have a pleasant taste. Sold by all Medicine vendors.

## AN ACT OF CHARITY.—A Gentleman having

been cured of Nervous Debility of long standing, and after much mental and bodily suffering, thinks it but charitable to render such information to others similarly situated as may restore them to health. Full particulars sent to any address, by enclosing two postage stamps to prepay postage.—Address, THOMAS HOWARD, Esq., Clive House, near Birmingham.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN,  
BY ROYAL COMMAND.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT** begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street, 96, New Street, Birmingham; No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

## RUPTURES.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

**WHITE'S MOC-MAIN PATENT LEVER TRUSS**, requiring no steel spring round the body, is recommended for the following peculiarities and advantages:—1st, facility of application; 2nd, perfect freedom from liability to chafe or excoriate; 3rd, it may be worn with equal comfort in any position of the body, by night or day; 4th, it admits of every kind of exercise without the slightest inconvenience to the wearer, and is perfectly concealed from observation.

"We do not hesitate to give to this invention our unqualified approbation, and we strenuously advise the use of it to all those who stand in need of that protection, which they cannot so fully, nor with the same comfort, obtain from any other apparatus or truss as from that which we have the highest satisfaction in thus recommending."—*Church and State Gazette*.

Recommended by the following eminent Surgeons:—William Ferguson, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Surgery in King's College, Surgeon to the King's College Hospital, &c.; T. G. Guthrie, Esq., Surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital; W. Bowman, Esq., F.R.S., Assistant Surgeon to King's College Hospital; T. Callaway, Esq., Senior Assistant Surgeon to Guy's Hospital; W. Coulson, Esq., Surgeon to the Madras Hospital; T. Blizard Curling, Esq., F.R.S., Surgeon to the London Hospital; W. J. Fisher, Esq., Surgeon-in-Chief to the Metropolitan Police Force; Aston Key, Esq., Surgeon to Prince Albert; Robert Liston, Esq., F.R.S.; James Luke, Esq., Surgeon to the London Truss Society; Erasmus Wilson, Esq., F.R.S., and many others.

A descriptive circular may be had by Post, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) can be forwarded by Post, on sending the circumference of the body two inches below the hips to the Manufacturer,

MR. WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s., 6d., and 31s., 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s., 6d., 42s., and 52s., 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d. Price of an Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s., 6d. Postage, 1s. 10d.

Post-office orders to be made payable to John White, Post-office, Piccadilly.

## ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &amp;c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving elastic and permanent support in all cases of VEINNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each; postage 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Specimens may be seen at the Crystal Palace.

## BARNES &amp; CO.'S WINDOW POLISH FOR

quickly and effectually CLEANING AND POLISHING PLATE and other GLASS WINDOWS, MIRRORS, &c., and instantly removing GREASE and the DEPOSIT of GAS, &c.

\* By the use of this Paste 75 per cent. of labour, time, and expense, will be saved, and a far clearer appearance produced.

Sold in 3d., 6d., and 1s. boxes, Everywhere.

MANUFACTORY, CAMDEN ROAD, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

## TESTIMONIALS.

61 and 62, St. Paul's Church Yard, and 58 and 59, Paternoster Row, London, March 15th, 1889.

Gentlemen,—Having tried your Patent Window Polish upon our Plate Glass, Chandeliers, and Front, we are happy to state the effect has been beyond our expectations; we beg therefore to request you will forward us, at your earliest convenience, a dozen boxes of the Polish.

We are, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,

To Messrs. Barnes & Co. AMOTT, BROTHERS, & CO.

66, St. Paul's Churchyard, March 23rd, 1889.

Gentlemen,—Having used the box of Window Polish left with us, and finding it answers every purpose it professes to do, request you will forward one dozen of your sixpenny boxes. G. H. SMITH & CO.

Gloucester House, Ludgate Hill, 29th March, 1889.

Gentlemen,—We have tried the sample of Window Polish left with us, and are perfectly satisfied with it, and shall feel obliged by your sending us one dozen of sixpenny boxes. JOHN HARVEY & CO.

Argyll House, 236, 238, 240, and 242, Regent Street, March 21st, 1889.

Gentlemen,—The Window Polish we have had from you appears to be a very effective article for cleaning Glass, and saving time in the work; we will thank you to send half-a-dozen boxes at your convenience.

We are, yours, &c. HODGE & ORCHARD.

Wholesale Agents, BATTY & CO., Finsbury Pavement.

## THE PATENT GLASS MEDICINE MIXER

Is superior to Sponges or other articles of Metal that corrode, &c. No Invalid should be without them. Town and country chemists, medicine vendors, and other requiring agencies, may apply to

R. COGAN, Patentee, 4, Red Lion Square, London.

## FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE

## BEST ARTICLES

AT

## DEANE'S

ESTABLISHED, A.D. 1700.

**IRON BEDSTEADS.**—DEANE & Co. manufacture and supply every description of iron and brass bedsteads, and have on hand a large stock of these articles on hand, together with beds, mattresses, pill-boxes, &c. Full particulars of sizes and prices, with illustrations, sent by post (free).

## HORTICULTURAL &amp; MECHANICAL TOOLS.

In this department will be found every implement requisite for the practical or scientific horticulturist, including all modern and improved inventions. Illustrated price lists on application, post free.

Mechanical Tools of every description. Also, Tool chests fitted complete with Tools of warranted quality, and varying in price from 6s. to 12l. They are well adapted for the amateur, the practical mechanic, or the emigrant.

## ECONOMIC COOKING STOVES, RANGES,

&c.—DEANE & Co. recommend with confidence their improved Cooking Stove. It is cheap in first cost, simple in construction, easy of management, capable of doing a large amount of work with a comparatively small consumption of fuel, and is manufactured in sizes suitable for large or small families. In operation daily in the stove and fender department; where may also be seen the improved self-acting range, and the improved cottage range, each with oven and boiler.

## PRICES OF THE RANGE:—

4 feet wide £13 10 0 4 feet 6 inches £18 0 0 5 feet 6 inches £22 10 0  
4 feet 3 inches 15 0 0 5 feet 3 inches 19 10 0 5 feet 9 inches 24 0 0  
4 feet 6 inches 18 10 0 5 feet 3 inches 21 0 0 6 feet 25 0 0

## DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY has been cele-

brated for more than 150 years for quality and cheapness. The stock is extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to the taste and means of every purchaser. Ladies' Scissors in choice variety. Penknives and every description of pocket cutlery.

## A FURNISHING LIST.—For the convenience

of persons furnishing, DEANE & Co. have arranged a complete Price List of Articles requisite in fitting up a Family Residence, embracing all the various departments of their Establishment, and calculated to guide the purchaser in the selection of the most economical goods. This list DEANE & Co. will forward to any address, post free.

Furnishing Warehouses, 46, King William Street, London Bridge. Saddlery and Harness Manufactory, 2 and 3, Arthur Street East, London Bridge.

Gas Fitting Establishment, 1, Arthur Street East, London Bridge. Export Warehouses, Arthur Street West, London Bridge.

## THE UNIVERSAL GAS BURNERS' REGU-

LATOR (Geyelin's Patent), the only one in the world by which the flame from Argand, Fish-tail, and all other Burners remains invariable under all variations of pressure, and the cost of each light is less than One Farthing per hour. Can be fixed horizontal, close to, or distant from the burner. Is ornamental, simple in construction, consisting of a double chamber, the inner perforated, covered with a diaphragm, giving action to a spherical valve.—Price 3s. each, one sent on receipt of 3s. 6d. in postage stamps.

W. H. KENNEDY, Agent, 462, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

## THE HYGIENIC SPRING LATHS BEDSTEAD

(Geyelin's Patent), combining the advantages of Metallic Bedsteads with the comfort of a Spring Mattress, is the best and the most cost. Certified by medical men as the best and most comfortable Bedstead ever invented; invaluable for hot climates; cannot possibly harbour vermin.

Sold by W. H. KENNEDY, Agent, 462, Oxford Street, London, W.

## KNOW THYSELF!—The secret art of dis-

covering the true CHARACTER of INDIVIDUALS from the peculiarities of their HANDWRITING, has long been practised by MARIE COUPLE with astonishing success. Her startling delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, including thirteen penny post stamps to Miss Couplet, 69, Castle Street, Oxford Street, London, and they will receive, in a few days, a minute detail of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, &c. of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected. "I am pleased with the accurate description you have given of myself."—Miss Jones.

## DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS HAIR,

WHISKERS, &c.? ROSALIE COUPLE'S CRINURIAIR is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustachios, &c. in a few weeks, and restore the Hair in baldness from whatever cause, strengthen it when weak, prevent its falling off, and effectually check greyness in all its stages. For the nursery it is recommended by upwards of 100 Physicians, for promoting a fine, healthy head of hair, and averting baldness in after years. Sold by all Chemists, price 2s., or sent post free on receipt of 24 penny stamps, by Miss Couplet, 69, Castle Street, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London. Mrs. Carter writes, "My head, which was bald, is now covered with new hair."—Sergeant Craven, "Through using it I have an excellent moustache."—Mr. Yates, "The young man has now a good pair of whiskers. I want two packets for other customers."

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—

In these two preparations are found reliable remedies for all complaints caused by climate, irregularity, over exertion, or accident. Internal or external disorders are subjugated by these incomparable medicines, which never fail to relieve if cure be possible. They act physically by removing impurities and establishing regularity of functions, extracting all impurities from the blood, stimulating every secretion, and causing each organ to act healthfully. No disease in the body can long resist the combined action of these remedies, which invariably harmonise every corporeal function, and on the brain reflect a happy state of mind, causing low spirits, lassitude, and hypochondria, for which they substitute cheerfulness and contentment, and render pure our physical and moral being.

## THE EUROPEAN &amp; COLONIAL WINE COMPANY.

No. 122, PAUL MALL, S.W.

THE above Company has been formed for the purpose of supplying the Nobility, Gentry, and Private Families with PURE WINES of the highest character, at a saving of at least 30 per cent.

SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY ..... 20s. & 24s. per doz.  
SOUTH AFRICAN PORT ..... 20s. & 24s.  
The finest ever introduced into this country.  
ROYAL VICTORIA SHERRY ..... 32s.  
A truly excellent and natural wine.  
SPARKLING EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE 38s.  
Equal to that usually charged 60s. per doz.  
SPLENDID OLD PORT ..... 42s.  
Ten years in the wood.  
PALE COGNAC BRANDY ..... 52s. & 60s.  
Bottles and packages included, and free to any London Railway Station.

Terms cash. Country Orders to be accompanied with a remittance.

Price Lists sent free on application.

WILLIAM REID TIPPING, Manager.

## WINE NO LONGER AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

OUR VERY SUPERIOR PORTS, SHERRY, MADEIRA, &c., of which we hold an extensive stock, are now in brilliant condition, at TWENTY SHILLINGS PER DOZEN, being imported from the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, they are only charged half the usual duty.

Pint samples of either sent for 12 Stamps.

Delivered free to any London Railway Terminus. Terms, cash, or approved reference prior to delivery.

"I find your wine to be pure and unadulterated, and I have no doubt of its being far more wholesome than the artificial mixtures too often sold for genuine Sherry."

"HY. LETHEBY, M.D., London Hospital."

The Analysis of Dr. Letheby sent free on application.

BRANDY, 15s. per gallon.

WELLER & HUGHES, Wholesale and Spirit Importers, 27, Crutched Friars, Mark Lane.

## NOTICE.—TO INDUCE A TRIAL OF

SOUTH AFRICAN WINES at 20s. & 24s. per doz. (the consumption of which has now nearly reached 420,000 dozen per annum—vide *Journal of Trade Returns*), a CASE containing four samples, sealed and labelled, will be forwarded on receipt of 30 postage stamps, viz., half-pint bottle each of BEST SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY, PORT, MADEIRA, and AMONTILLADO, bottles and case included. COLONIAL BRANDY, 15s. per gallon. Price lists free on application.

Address ANTHONY BROUGH, 28, Strand, W.C.

## EAU-DE-VIE.—This pure PALE BRANDY,

though only 16s. per gallon, is demonstrated, upon analysis, to be peculiarly free from acidity, and very superior to recent importations of veritable Cognac. In French bottles, 34s. per dozen; or securely packed in a case for the country, 35s.

HENRY BRETT & CO., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

## PURE SCOTCH MALT WHISKY.

DONALD DUNCAN'S PURE SCOTCH MALT WHISKIES are CHEAPER, MORE WHOLESOME, and FAR SUPERIOR to the finest FRENCH BRANDY.

ROYAL BALMORAL, a very fine, mild, and mellow spirit ..... 15s. per gallon.

THE PRINCE'S USQUEBAUGH, a much-admired and delicious spirit ..... 18s. "

DONALD DUNCAN'S celebrated Registered D.D. WHISKY, of extraordinary quality and age ..... 20s. "

Two gallons of either of the above sent to any part, or sample forwarded for 12 stamps. Terms, Cash.

5, Burying Street, Strand, W.C.

## ALLSOP'S PALE ALE, in the finest condition,

is now being delivered by HARRINGTON PARKER & CO.—This celebrated Ale, recommended by Baron Liebig and all the faculty, is supplied in bottles and in casks of 18 gallons and upwards by HARRINGTON PARKER & CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 54, Pall Mall, London.

## PRIZE MEDAL LIQUID HAIR DYE.

ONLY ONE APPLICATION.

INSTANTANEOUS, INDELIBLE, HARMLESS, & SCENTLESS

In cases, post free, 3s. 3d. and 6s., direct from E. F. LANGDALE'S Laboratory, 72, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

"Mr. Langdale's preparations are, to our mind, the most extraordinary productions of modern chemistry."—*Illustrated London News*, July 19, 1891.

A long and interesting report on the products of E. F. Langdale's Laboratory, by a Special Scientific Commission from the Editor of *The Lancet* will be found in that journal of Saturday, January 10th, 1891. A copy will be forwarded for two stamps.

AGENTS WANTED.

## KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—What

diseases are more fatal in their consequences than neglected Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, or Lung Affections? The first and best remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1d., and tins, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATINGE, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all druggists, &c.

## KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD

LIVER OIL, perfectly pure, having been analysed, reported on, and recommended by Professors TAYLOR and THOMSON, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, who, in the words of the late Dr. PEREIRA, say that "the finest oil is that most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour," characters this will be found to possess in a high degree. Half-pints 1s. 6d., Tins 2s. 6d., Quarts 4s. 6d.—79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all druggists, &c.